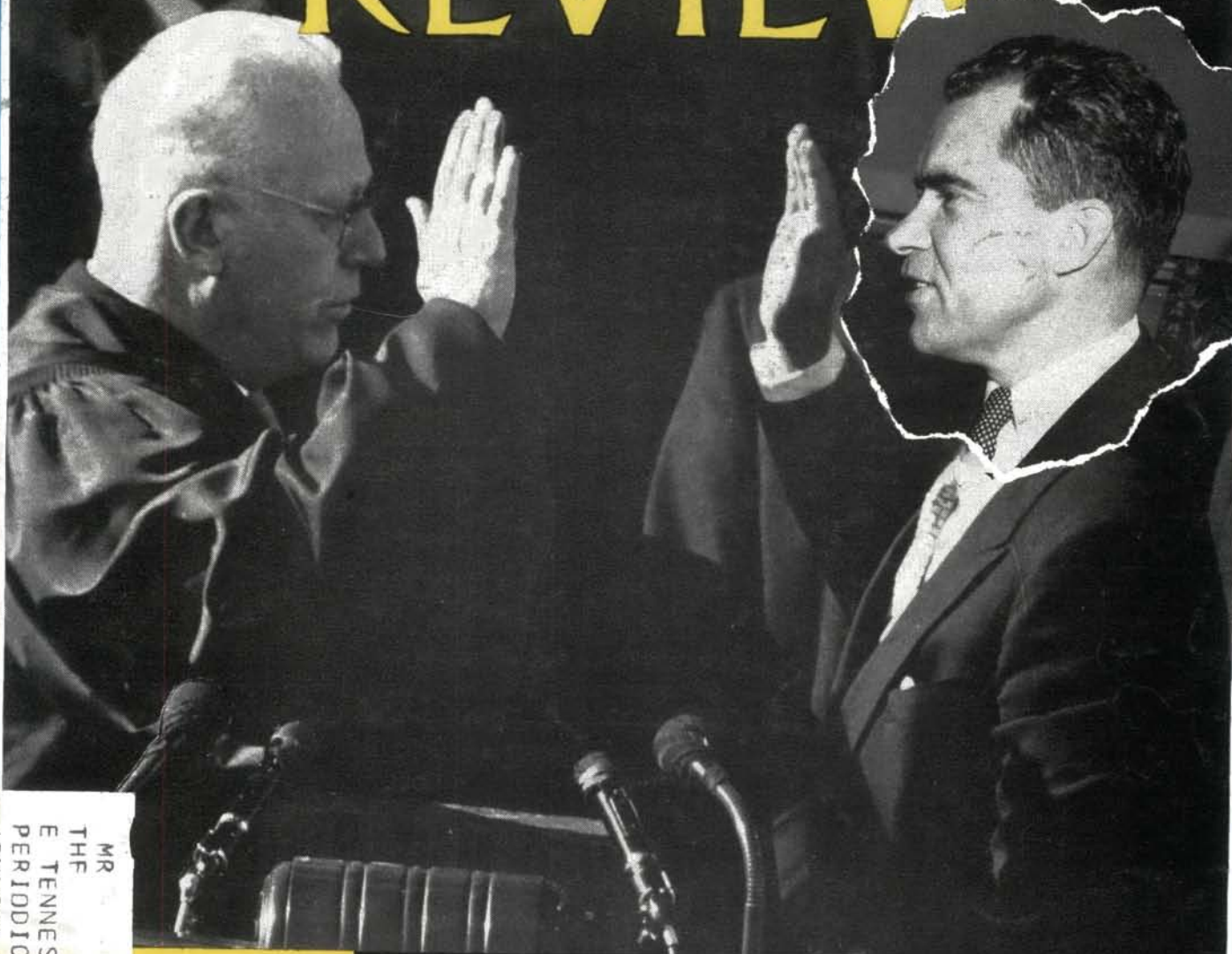


**SPECIAL  
FALL BOOK ISSUE**

# NATIONAL REVIEW



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No**

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**JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK**

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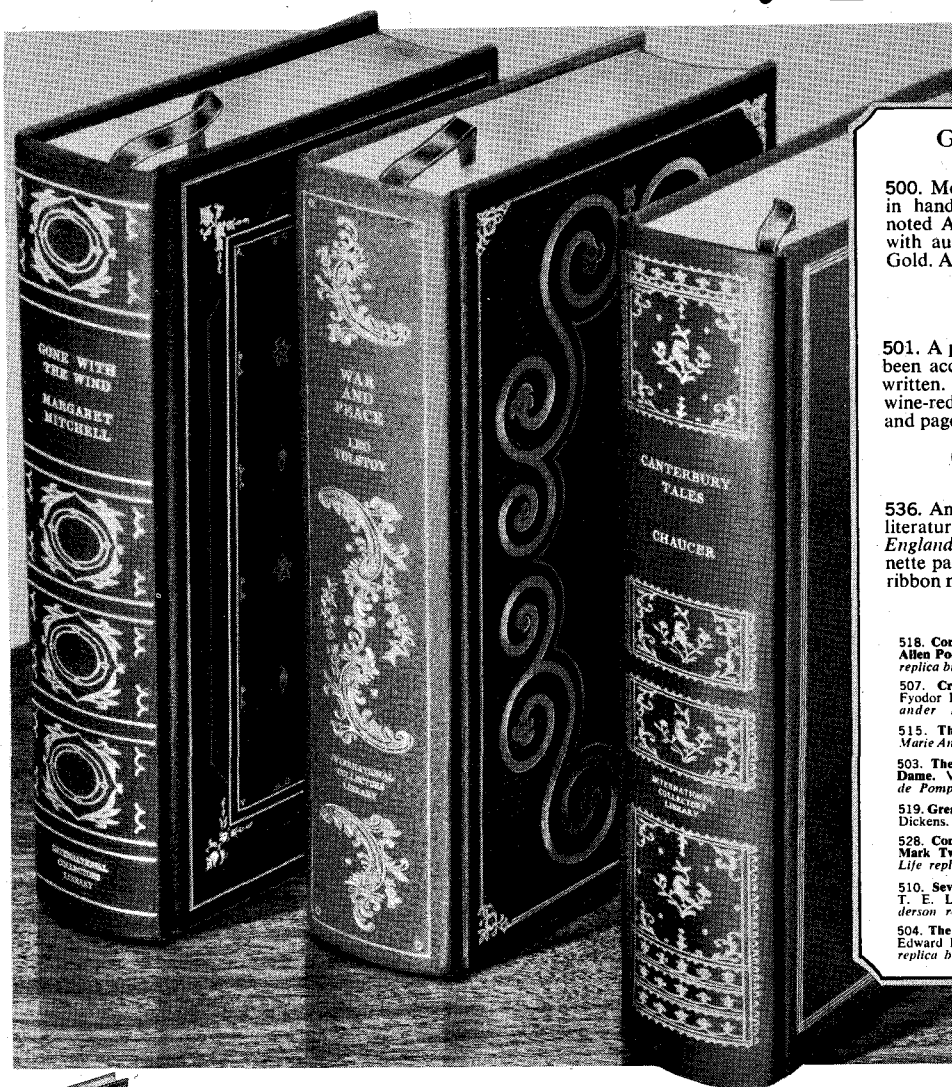
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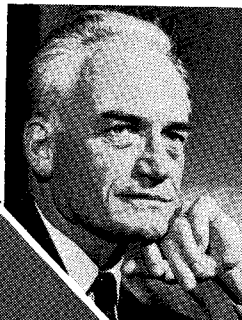
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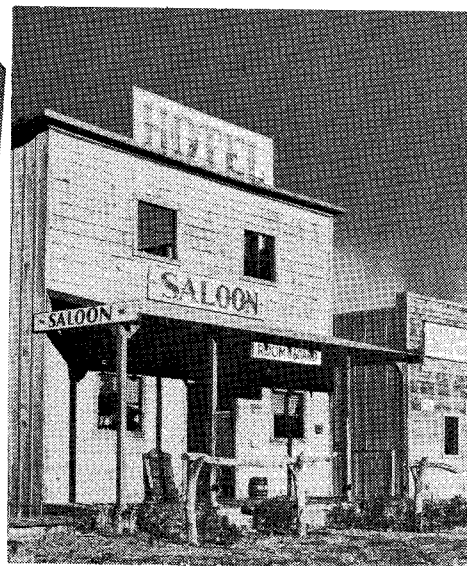
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CINCINNATI / OHIO / USA

NOVEMBER 14, 1967

# NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XIX NO. 45

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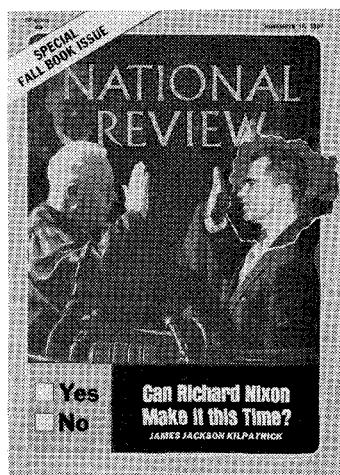
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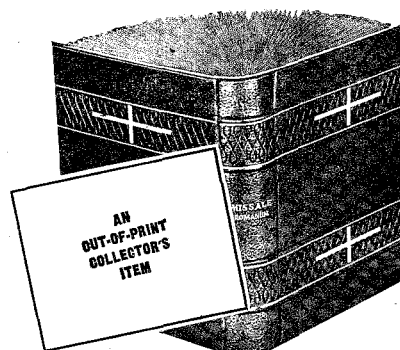
## IN • THIS • ISSUE

→ Welcome to our gala Fall Book Issue! And what would be more fun than a book about the films, the 99 films of Laurel and Hardy, reviewed by the eulogist of Buster Keaton, the invincible analyst of spoudogelasma, **Hugh Kenner**? . . . The James Burnham chrestomathy is reviewed by **Charles Burton Marshall** (writer, historian, teacher, consultant), who likes much of what he sees in these selections from Burnham's *NR* columns from 1955 to 1967. . . . Does anyone know how many books P. G. Wodehouse has written? Can anyone deny that they are of uniform and exceedingly high quality? **Auberon Waugh**, son of the late Evelyn and nephew of *NR*'s co-delectationist Alec, duly celebrates the Master's newest, another delight from a hand which, at 86, has not lost its touch. . . . The versatile **Guy Davenport** appreciates three recent fictions, one of which deals with Davenport's very own Kentucky. Messrs. Kenner and Davenport, by the way, will soon be bringing out a co-book, tentatititled *The Counterfeiters*: Kenner words, Davenport illustrations. . . . Strategist and scholar **Stefan Possony** reviews Eugene Lyons' brilliant divellication of Soviet "achievement" on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik coup. *Workers' Paradise Lost* is required reading. . . . Prof. **Thomas Molnar** returns from his travels with an up-to-date view of the intellectual scene in Europe, where all good hippies are structuralists, and where the whole bit has been treated to a nice put-down by one Jean Cau, who should be translated.

→ What ever happened to Richard Nixon? **James Jackson Kilpatrick** has been spending some time with the man, following his career and gauging his Presidential chances. In what is probably the most readable piece ever written about Nixon, Kilpatrick makes the relevant point: of all the aspirants, Nixon goes to the Convention next year with the best record of hard partisan campaigning. . . . "**Helena Black**" must, for professional reasons, use a pen-name. She is engaged in professional work; and majored in Middle Eastern Studies, with special emphasis on Islam. She went to Israel recently, whence she filed this report from the battleground. It seems certain that the war will not end, ever. . . . **Maria London**, a professional researcher in Slavic and Oriental studies, files a report from Hong Kong, where she finds the vast majority of the people dead set against the Communists. Nevertheless, the Communists have a chance to take over, through terrorism, capital flight, and the irresponsible emphasis in both the domestic and foreign press on the activities of a riotous minority. . . . **John Chamberlain** brings up the amazing case of Dr. Arthur Kraus, who, for the thought-crime of premature anti-fascism, was driven off campus, deprived of his contractual salary, subjected to a beating, and treated to the icy neutrality of the American Association of University Professors, which is reviewing his case now, as it has been these thirty years. →



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# LETTERS

## Russia's Fiftieth

Your articles, "Fifty Years of the Soviet Revolution," in the October 31 issue were factual and refreshing coverage. The press in general, on the fifty-year anniversary of Soviet Communism, treated it as a milestone in human history—an advance for man and his world. You have brought to fore the facts.

Winsted, Conn. FR. JOSEPH FOLEY O.F.M.

You have managed to devote three articles to "Russia" without once mentioning the existence or the plight of the non-Russian captive nations within the USSR. And, with the inclusion of Eugene Lyons' article, you have extended your silence on this issue even to the history of Czarist Russia. Will not the Ukrainians, the Byelorussians, and the Georgians, among others, be surprised to learn how much easier things were under the Czars, those Czars who subjugated these nations in the first place? Apparently it is possible even for anti-Communists to disregard the fate of millions.

Millville, N.J.

ASKOLD SKALSKY

## GOP '68

Thank you for the brilliant article by William A. Rusher ["Operation 1968," Oct. 17]! It said many things that needed saying and should be required reading for all Republicans. As a lowly precinct chairman for the Republican Party, I plan to save the article for future reference. It stirred my hopes for 1968 as nothing has done lately.

North Platte, Neb. NANCY WHITAKER

Though perhaps inadvertently, William A. Rusher's prescription for a winning conservative Republican candidate in "Operation 1968" spells one man's name out loud and clear. A man equipped with: 1) an attractive personality, 2) efficiency in mass communications, 3) a hard-hitting epigrammatic style, 4) the proven ability to effect party unity.

Who else but Ronald Reagan?

New York, N.Y. JULIEN DEDMAN

If I read between the lines correctly, the big push for Ronald Reagan for President is about to begin. How can you possibly consider such a movement? Perhaps it's just a matter of not being able to adjust to the age of the mass media, but I for one am not willing to support the idea of a "lifelong professional in the art of communicating with people" as a sound

basis for electing a man to the Presidency.

Yonkers, N.Y.

GERTRUDE E. RONAN

Mr. Rusher's warning in "Operation 1968" was well-reasoned and Mr. Freeman's "Men Around Nixon" interesting for us pol-watchers. Keeping Rusher's advice in mind along with the Eleventh Commandment and especially the CRA's new Twelfth—"Thou shalt not fail to endorse and assist any Republican who wins a primary election" (which has long been Mr. Nixon's *modus operandi*), why do the "Men Around NR" keep baiting the guy?

They know that his strategy is to try to be all things to all voters (on the surface) and to avoid the conservative label—or any label. Yet when it comes down to actions, what contender has been a truer conservative over the years than Richard M. Nixon?

MARKHAM FIELD MACLIN

Santa Barbara, Cal.

For Nixon on strategy, see James Jackson Kilpatrick's article this issue.—ED.

## Public TV

Congratulations to C. H. Simonds for his incisive report on public television [Oct. 17] and the Federal Government's latest efforts to control the communications media. Perhaps the worst feature (i.e. threat) included in all the proposed schemes is *not* they would set up a dull government propaganda network à la BBC, nothing so obviously distasteful as that. The present danger is that there will be a federal corporation à la Comsat, whose membership the Republicans insist should be politically balanced (perhaps eight liberal Democrats and seven Johnson Republicans?), with the power to spend vast sums "for making programs to be broadcast over local educational stations." How much does anyone believe will be dispensed to promote programs like "Firing Line," when there are much more instructive, more uplifting, more expensive "documentaries" on TVA or the War on Poverty, shows starring Lady Bird on beauty or Bishop Pike on religion, just waiting to be produced and distributed with Corporation blessings and (our) monies?

In other words, there won't have to be a government network as such. To get their culture TV viewers will simply have to turn on and tune in the local ETV outlet and watch all the news that fits the tint. In time, as Mr. Simonds suggests, we will have an entirely new

"vast wasteland," federally supported, managed, and approved.

Assuming that the real need of educational TV is finances and assuming that the government (*any* government) *should* subsidize culture, why doesn't government a) simply offer direct hand-outs to the individual stations to use as they see fit (rather than for network programming), and/or b) grant generous tax credits for private corporations, foundations, and individuals who contribute to the cause of ETV?

Boulder, Colo.

JIM HINISH

## Molnar's Utopians

Re Prof. Molnar's challenge to provide more than rhetoric [Letters, Oct. 17], may I merely say this. It was not my intention to offer a better model, but to point out what I thought were a few flaws in an already pretty damn good model. These few flaws:

1) The failure to see Plato as an elitist totalitarian, as opposed to a utopian. As a philosophic idealist, Plato's examination of reality was by means of universal and abstract concepts, which while non-existent and incapable of realization in themselves, nevertheless serve as an analytical framework within the mind through which concrete reality can better be understood (much like the scientist who conducts his experiments under controlled and unreal conditions).

2) The failure to make the distinction between what he calls the search for moral-social improvement and utopian planning. Happily for all, he makes this distinction in the last paragraph of his Oct. 17 letter; my criticism was that this distinction was not sufficiently clear in the book. If the comments of Prof. Wilhelmsen and of myself did nothing else, they at least prompted Prof. Molnar to make the mentioned clarification (which I, by the way, agree with).

On the other counts, Molnar is right—utopianism is a Christian heresy, and More is a utopian. As for this "critic," neither his model nor his rhetoric is on a level with Prof. Molnar's, which may only be another way of saying Molnar knows what he's talking about, and I don't.

MICHAEL M. FERGUSON

Antigonish, N.S., Can.

## Genes

Congratulations are in order threefold: first, to Professors William Shockley and D. J. Ingle for even broaching the subject of hereditary-racial difference, second, to Frank Meyer for having the temerity to write about it, and third, to NATIONAL REVIEW for having the guts to print Meyer's column [Oct. 3].

A classic case of transcendent truth versus existential truth, there is probably not a more closed subject in this coun-

(Continued on p. 1240)

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Every now and then, we owe it to ourselves to step back from this week's crisis and take stock. How much have we lost in the Third World War? (Burnham puts the starting date at April 1944, and for a persuasive reason.) Where have we done well? What chances have we missed, and why? What opportunities still remain?

Above all, what happens next?

James Burnham's latest, *The War We Are In*, is a sobering overview of what has happened, why we have let it happen, and what we can expect in the years ahead. What sets this book apart is, of course, Burnham himself, the quality of his mind. With the skepticism of the scholar and the complete man of affairs, Burnham's cynical eye bores through the facades that public men hide behind. Yet he is capable of writing lines like these:

"Drugged by a suicidal ideology, we do not jail, punish or even arrest the UN savages. The judge, praised by pulpit and press, dismisses the charges against the young savages of San Francisco. Our leaders not merely treat with such savages as Lumumba and Khrushchev — that might be inevitable, if the savage has power enough — but shake hands, smile, drink mutual toasts, break bread. We visit no sanctions on those who revile the envoys and emblems of civilization. We dispense honors and money, not stern retribution, to the savages who rape civilized women and, with jungle horrors, kill civilized men."

**A Fresh Look at the Real World —  
And the Real Leftist Strategy,  
from Pink to Bloody Red**

- "My country, right or wrong" — and how the slogan is justified in the strategic sense.
- LBJ's brand of Liberalism. How it caught him, and the Establishment, in the bind that now threatens their political lives.
- The tactical inflexibility of some anti-Communists. How to achieve flexibility without softening.
- How a Communist nuclear attack ties in with "peaceful coexistence."

# THE WAR WE ARE IN

## *The Last Decade and the Next*

by James Burnham

A SELECTION OF THE CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

- The Red-or-dead dilemma. Why both horns could impale us. Why we must nonetheless beware of the dove line.
- What the Kremlin means by "enlightened terror." How Communists are using it, even here in America.
- Shrewd assessment of the Moscow-Peking split: where real, where phony. How to view it in the perspective of Communist history. How to capitalize on the tensions. Why Communists are dead serious about these intra-party struggles — while "the enemy sits on the sidelines as if waiting passively to learn which set of undertakers will handle the job of burying him."
- Soviet "progress" in consumer goods — and what this suggests about the inner meaning of socialism.
- American technological wizardry promises to cancel Communist manpower edge even in small wars. But again, the Liberals tie our hands.
- Pope John's opening to the Left. Burnham measures the political impact of Pacem in Terris. Two impossible explanations for the Pope's switch, both chilling.
- The simple two-part theory behind Communism's "disintegration tactic." How the Liberals provide the perfect supplement.
- "The iron law of liberal ideology."
- 4 psywar opportunities to exploit proven Communist weaknesses.
- The city-strangling strategy of the Red Chinese, and its analogy for the Communist takeover of the world.
- The summit conference: a step back toward barbarism.
- How polycentrism, far from signaling the mellowing of Communism, has (to the extent it is authentic) actually strengthened it.
- New secret weapon that could force a U.S. surrender in the 70s.
- A survey of the diversionary formulas that have blinded us to the Communist menace all through the 20th century.
- What would become of Communism if Russia and China ever do get to fighting?
- Victory in Vietnam: Burnham borrows a tactic from MacArthur.
- George Kennan assails the "barbarians" who cry for victory over Communism. Burnham sweeps away Kennan's straw man, shows that victory, properly defined, need not mean total war, and can be achieved.
- Memo for 1968: a 21-point foreign-policy program for the GOP.

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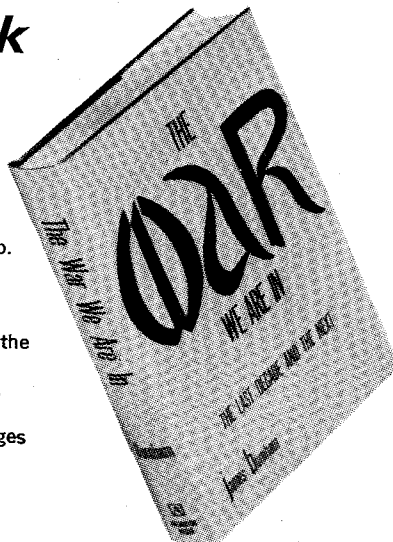
THE WAR WE ARE IN, for all its probing, reads as smoothly as Burnham's earlier *The Web of Subversion*. Most of the book first appeared as articles in *National Review*, though we'd hardly guess if the author hadn't told us. Arranged according to ten key topics, the book achieves a unity that must be unique in a volume of this kind.

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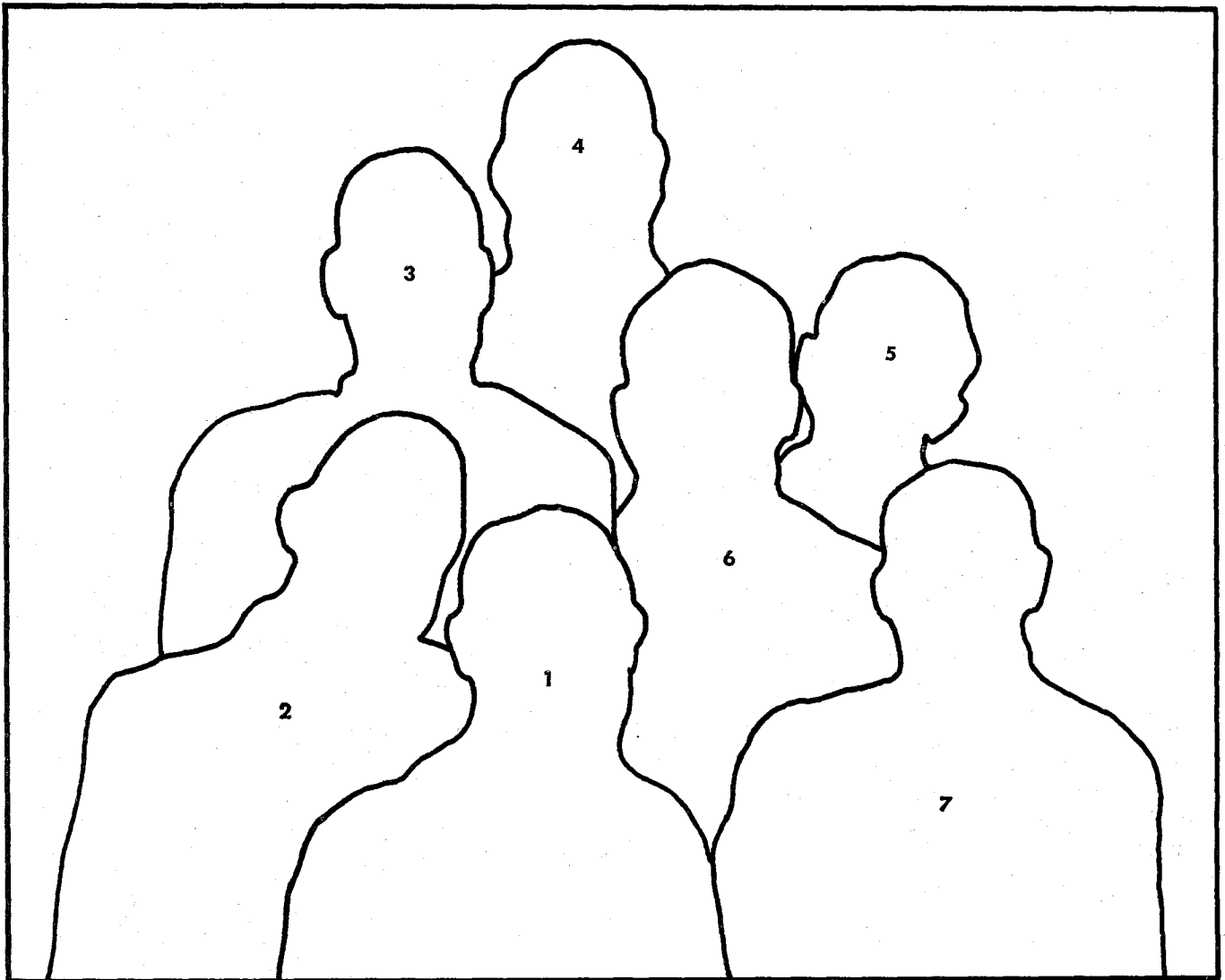
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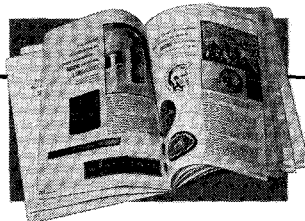
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## LETTERS

(Continued from p. 1236)

try than hereditary-racial differences. Columnist Meyer was quite right in pointing out the inherent dangers in the premise that those utterances which can be abused ought not to be uttered. The Marxist theories of the Soviet geneticist Lysenko, which maintained that one's environment could alter one's genes, are certainly laughed at today by the scientific community as sheer Communist propaganda. Yet, the purveyors of these official-state theories were no more closed-minded than those egalitarian dogmatists who refuse to discuss the hereditary-environment problem.  
*Miami, Fla.* JOHN D. LOFTON JR.

### McCaffrey Encores

Please don't let Neil McCaffrey's virtuoso review of old dance bands [Oct. 3] remain simply a one-night stand. I look forward to his awesomely comprehensive analyses of band singers . . . song writers . . . and instrumentalists. Play on, maestro!  
*New York, N.Y.* MARTIN GROSS

Mr. Ferris Cork may be surprised to find that Grandma agrees with him on today's music [Letters, Oct. 31]. The songs will remind her so much of Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys (though Wills was more tuneful) and Blind Lemon Jefferson (though Jefferson was authentic). Even the lyrics won't be all that strange, though admittedly Grandma only heard them behind the barn. And the musicianship is on par with Joseph C. Smith and His Orchestra, which was the cat's meow when Grandma was kicking up her heels back in 1919. (Grandma never got with whippersnappers like Goodman and Norvo, much less Getz. Nor has the ultramodern Mr. Cork.)

But Mr. Cork has me on one point. Today's music is happening. So is cancer.  
*Pelham Manor, N.Y.* NEIL MCCAFFREY

### Haverford and Honor

As a recent Haverford graduate (1965) I take exception to the careless quality of research and thought that went into Frederic Nelson's article, "Girls (or Boys), Who Needs Them?" [Oct. 3]. It is patently obvious that his only acquaintance with Haverford is the one article he cites.

To set the record straight, Haverford men live under one of America's oldest and the world's most extensive Honor Systems (there is a minimum of rules and even these are under constant review). On the academic side, exams are unproctored and often of the take-home nature; final exams are self-scheduled.

On the social side, in past years the Haverford man was expected to guide

his conduct by respect for his woman guest, himself and the college community. However, the anomaly of "visiting hours" existed, detrimental to the spirit of the honor system. The termination of time restrictions was simply the removal of an anomaly whose very existence is due solely to the late parties of World War II veteran-students at Haverford in the postwar period.

Conservatives may uncritically deplore the "permissive atmosphere" which exists at Haverford. In answer to such an attitude, Haverford's record speaks far more eloquently than I could: among all United States colleges it ranks (relative to size of student body) Number One in Danforths, Number Two in Woodrow Wilsons, Number Three in Rhodes and Number One (absolutely) in NIH grants. The *Chicago Tribune* and *Newsweek* ranked it the best men's college in the United States. Among graduates, 20 per cent become physicians, 10 per cent become lawyers and almost everybody else gets a Ph.D.

The Haverford men as a group are some of the most mature, honest, and thoughtful people I have ever met. And, incidentally, many of them have the good fortune of marrying the intelligent, introspective Bryn Mawr girls with whom they have their late night bull sessions.

Chapel Hill, N.C.

EUGENE SARVER

### Denominational Notes

Garry Wills's opinions about Svetlana Alliluyeva, Charles Percy, and possibly others include some sub-opinions about Christian Science.

His comments leave one feeling he doesn't actually comprehend the theology of Christian Science but finds it a convenient catch-word reference point.

Christian Science gave up a century ago what seems hard for much theology to let go of today—a God whose obscure hand may be assumed in every unhappy foundering on the shoals of human circumstance. An honest look at Christian Science finds awareness of the tough, sinning complexities of the human situation—along with strong faith in the need for putting less stock in a wholly mortal dimension, more in the practicality of divine grace and reality.

DAVID E. SLEEPER, Manager  
Christian Science Committees  
on Publication

Boston, Mass.

Please note—October 3 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, page 1051, refers to "American Lutheran Church (Missouri Synod)." The Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod does not belong to American Lutheran Church or Lutheran Church in America, both of which belong to National Council of Churches. The Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod does not.

Northbrook, Ill. VICTOR H. GRETHEL

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**T**he fact is, the *book alone* is worth the entire price (yet you get it entirely FREE with this special offer). There is no more electrifying personality on the American scene today than Reagan—the man who reversed the political odds in his California gubernatorial election to beat his Democratic opponent by a million-vote landslide.

One way or another, Ronald Reagan is going to have an enormous influence on what happens at the Republican national convention this summer in Miami—he could very well walk off with the top prize (and even Nelson Rockefeller, that scourge of Republican conservatives, longs to have Reagan as his vice-presidential running-mate—provided Rocky can overcome the bitter conservative opposition to his own nomination for the ticket's top spot).

## Projects Impressive Image

In this age of mass communications, Reagan seems able to project an image as impressive and varied as his own career: the small-town boy who goes from local football hero to radio sports announcer, the handsome movie-star who becomes a top Hollywood Liberal (with ADA membership) in the Commie-ridden post-war years; the "washed-up" actor who carves out a new career in TV and the business world; the "amateur" politician whose grasp of the vital issues brings him a smashing victory in our largest state—and a formidable nationwide reputation!

It's all here—the whole incredible story—in this fast-reading and powerful book by Lee Edwards (son of the famous *Chicago Tribune* correspondent, Willard Edwards), one of the brightest—and most perceptive—young men on the Washington political scene today.

Although Edwards is frankly impressed by Reagan and his accomplishments, this is no "authorized" biography: it is based on many months of hard digging into the facts—interviews with the people (including Reagan himself) who know the truth *behind* the public record—and shrewd insights

into the workings of American politics and the ingredients that produce a *winner*. Here is just a small part of what you will find in this book:

- Reagan's family...coming up the hard way...his job as a 35¢ an hour construction worker
- How he financed his own college education
- His leadership in the famous strike against Eureka College
- How Reagan first got interested in show business
- Reagan as radio announcer—the "Voice of the Chicago Cubs"
- How his father fought with New Deal Welfare bureaucrats
- How Reagan managed to get into World War II in spite of his poor eyesight

## The Hollywood Years

- His movie career...how to beat Hollywood at the waiting game... "Brother Rat," what he had to do to get the role he wanted
- Pearl Harbor... trials of a Hollywood star in the Army... service at Fort Roach, the wackiest post in the Army
- Reagan's own part in knocking out Nazi V-2 rockets... the amazing development that enabled our bombers to pinpoint targets in Japan
- His first-hand experience with Civil Service bureaucrats

## Reagan the Liberal

- Campaigning for Harry Truman... Why he joined Americans for Democratic Action and the United World Federalists
- The night he added a denunciation of Communism to his standard anti-Fascist speech—and the startling result that changed Reagan's life!
- Reagan the Union Official: the "one man Battalion" fighting Hollywood's Communists
- His administrative ability as Chairman of Motion Picture Industry Council

## Reagan the Anti-Communist

- The House Committee on Un-American Activities... testimony on Communist infiltration of Hollywood... why he refused to attend the party for Nikita Khrushchev
- The end of his movie career... on to Television and the G.E. Theater
- The invaluable experience in politics Reagan gained before the TV cameras and at the grass roots level
- How THE SPEECH evolved
- His *formal* conversion to Republicanism: how it came about... campaigning for Nixon
- The '62 campaign: Reagan and the John Birch Society
- Reagan campaigns hard for Goldwater in '64
- The night he made THE SPEECH—and the incredible result

## Reagan's Long Experience Gives Him "At Home" Image on Mass Media



MANY OBSERVERS THINK that modern elections—at least those for major offices—are decided by mass media, especially Television. Reagan's long TV experience plus relaxed, sincere manner give him a big edge in this department over most of the other leading Republican personalities. Above, Governor Reagan and Wm. F. Buckley Jr. leave studio after taping the recent Buckley-Reagan "Firing Line" show.

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#### The Campaign

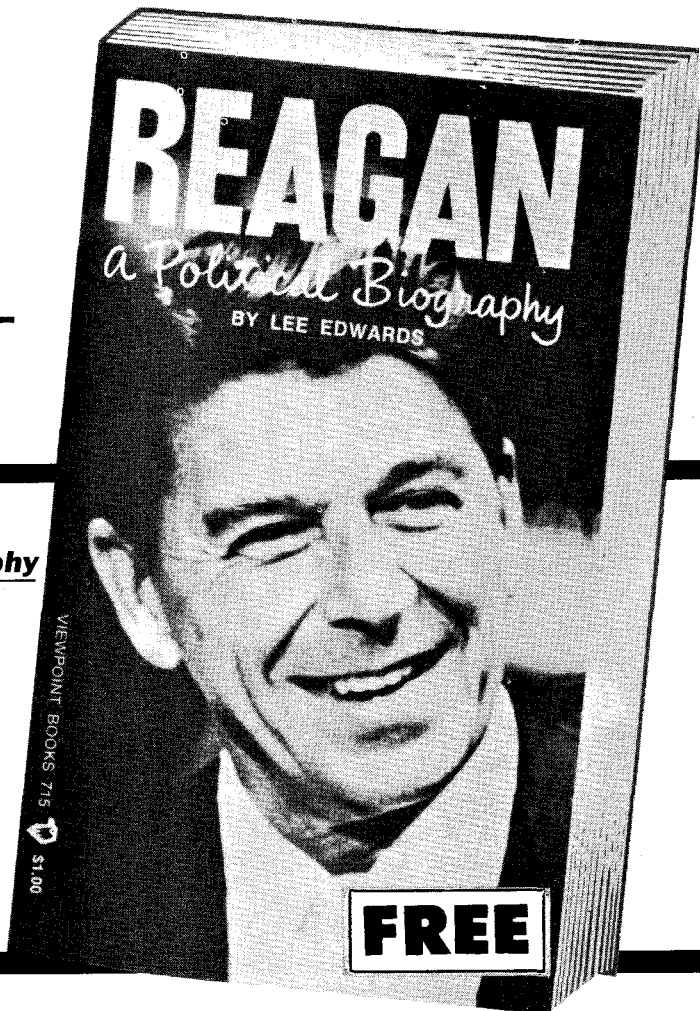
- The *New York Times* endorses Pat Brown—and why the *Los Angeles Times* endorsed Ronald Reagan—how Walter Reuther tried to deliver the labor vote to Brown...Stokely Carmichael's speech at Berkeley, why Lyndon Johnson failed to make his scheduled appearance for Pat Brown

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- The election results...Reagan's awesome victory margin...the racial overtones of the Brown vote...the little-known switch in Reagan tactics that helped Bob Finch become Lieutenant Governor *with more votes than Reagan himself!*
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- A Johnson vs. Reagan campaign: would they meet on TV?



LEE EDWARDS

#### About the author...

Lee Edwards, when not running his highly successful public relations firm in Washington, contributes articles and reviews for many American publications, including *National Review* and *Triumph* magazine. He was Press Secretary to former Senator John Marshall Butler of Maryland, and later Deputy Director of Public Relations for the Republican National Committee, and worked in Barry Goldwater's 1964 presidential campaign.

In 1965 he co-authored "Behind the Civil Rights Mask," an examination of the leading Civil Rights leaders, and expects to bring out his third book, "You Can Make the Difference," early next year.

Mr. Edwards, who is the son of famous Chicago Tribune Reporter Willard Edwards, is a graduate of Duke University and Paris Sorbonne.

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# The WEEK

● Oh, those Berrigan boys. The Rev. Daniel Berrigan, fine broth of a pacifist that he is, arrested at the Pentagon donnybrook, posted collateral and was freed on the same day the Rev. Philip Berrigan and three other hearties walked into Selective Service headquarters in Baltimore and poured blood on the files, which gave the secretaries fits. Some of the blood was his own, Father Philip said while waiting for the FBI, but most of it was duck's blood purchased at a Polish market by another brother, Studs Berrigan.

● Senator Eugene McCarthy (D., Minn.) is noisily demanding that Dean Rusk "quietly resign." If he doesn't, Dump LBJ: "Top Democrats should be prepared to support the men who are willing to carry the flag against the incumbent President. . . ." Among which men Senator McCarthy will doubtless be happy to include himself—especially in view of growing anti-Johnson sentiment among left-wing elements in Minnesota's Democratic Farmer-Labor Party, and a favorite-son movement for McCarthy. Favorite sons are usually forgotten by Labor Day—but it's always worth a try.

● The predominantly Negro "welfare poor," it is commonly agreed, are everywhere angry and in some places prone to riot because they are in despair because they cannot find jobs because they lack education and specialized training—yet in a nation with three million people unemployed, there are a million jobs going begging. Clearly, the task of the hour is to fit the unemployed for useful work—and only the business community can do that effectively, George Champion (Chairman of the Board, Chase Manhattan Bank) said last week. He denounced existing welfare programs as "hopelessly obsolete," bureaucratically muddled, destructive of the family and dehumanizing, and proposed in their stead an "incentive welfare" system in which business would seek out the unemployed, train them, and give jobs to those who make the grade. It was the most specific answer so far to the recent cry by the Negro scholar Dr. Kenneth Clark that—the churches, schools, and government having failed the Negro—"business is our only hope." Mr. Champion also remarked that jobs do not come magically into being; "they cost between \$15,000 and \$20,000 apiece in capital investment." The message is clear: If it will muster the imagination and energy needed, business may be able to yank the poor out of their hopeless circle—if government will let business function in a healthy climate for investment, by stopping the drain of available

money into vast federal programs including welfare efforts that (on the evidence of the past summer) have done but little good.

● In his West Coast encounters and his *Face the Nation* telecast October 29 George Wallace tested his strategy for his assault on the White House. It is in the authentic tradition of twentieth-century demagoguery: a continuous offensive, with no retreats, answers, or explanations; a concentration on a very small number of points endlessly repeated in very simple, very volatile terms. In the TV interview it made not the slightest difference what questions the newsmen asked. Wallace merely used their words to trigger one of his preset guns, and blasted away at "the pro-Communists, the liberals, the left-wingers who themselves advocate anarchy and violence in our country . . . the bearded professor. . . those who raise money and blood and clothes for the Vietcong Communists . . . revolutionaries, anarchists, activists. . . ." Riots in the cities, treasonous sabotage of our fighting men, breakdown of law and order, Supreme Court-guided tyranny that destroys the Constitution and prevents the people of the different states from having the kind of schools they want. . . . "Governor, candidly, when you talk about the breakdown of law and order, when you talk about violence in the cities and crime in the streets, aren't you talking about Negroes?" "Oh, no, I am not talking about Negroes. I am talking about law violators . . . anarchists . . . criminals . . . Communists . . . activists in our country. . . ." His shells are coarsely made, but they carry a heavy charge.

● On October 29 Norman Thomas gave what was billed as his last public performance, before 109 students from thirty nations, assembled for the "International Student Travel Conference." Although now blind and so crippled by arthritis that he had to be assisted to the podium, his voice launched loud and clear into its rapid-fire delivery of the lifelong sentiments and formulas that his young audience was expecting. Mr. Thomas has met a fate that is at once the best and the worst: everybody loves him. Nothing could be more complimentary to his human traits, or more devastating a commentary on his ideas—which, that universal amiability testifies, no one takes seriously. (As in Bombay, one day in 1951, when he was warmly applauded while he rhapsodized over "your magnificent independence victory, the greatest revolution in history accomplished without a drop of bloodshed," by an audience most of whose members had been themselves involved in the communal bloodshed that took hundreds of thousands of lives.) Norman Thomas is not a political figure and never has been. He is in truth a performer in The American Routine, a standby of our national repertory company, in his unquenchable vigor a kind of male

Mrs. Roosevelt; and we shall hope that in the old-trouser tradition of Sophie Tucker, this October 29 turn will be only the first of many last performances.

● By the time you see this, the Rev. Doc. Martin Luther King Jr. will have served his five days in an Alabama jail for certain acts in relation to the insurrection of 1963, and will have emerged, miraculously, about the same as he went in. Which is to say, times have changed. Five days in the pokey, five years ago, were sufficient to authorize a martyr's mythogenesis. There might have been references to Christ crucified for His people, vast promises of securing Justice on the Universal Balance Sheet, and so on. But Mr. King has been trying everyone's patience too sorely and too long to be believed. Name a Negro community he hasn't tortured, and we'll name one he'd like to torture. Name a newspaper editor who thinks King went up on a bum rap, and we'll name an editor who hasn't been paying attention. Mr. King is at the point where a term behind bars cannot be converted into instant sympathy. Even though he went to his reward carrying 1) the Bible, 2) Galbraith's *The New Industrial State*, and 3) *Confessions of Nat Turner*. How's that for Think Tank?

● Adam Clayton Powell is beginning to lose the friends that count. Whitney Young, executive director of the National Urban League, put aside Black Solidarity last week and told Harlem residents that Powell "ought to resign or come home." Young said that Harlem has lost "millions of dollars" because it has not had a representative in Washington, and his audience, which is losing the faith, baby, shouted "Amen." A week earlier, Dr. Eugene Callender, director of the Urban League of Greater New York, told Harlem to "cut out the sentimentality" and "seek someone else" to replace Powell. If Adam has picked up the message on his short wave in Bimini, he's not saying. And, more than likely, he's not budging either.

● It was bound to happen sooner or later. The Treasury has announced that it will start melting the silver coins that it has been hoarding, on the sly, since last summer. By next June it hopes to have about 350 million ounces of silver on hand. That sum, it says with pride, will keep us going for three more years (tr.: will be made available to industry at the current artificially low price). But since, at the peak, the Treasury held or had coined almost 3.5 billion ounces of silver, it is obvious that the official forecast assumes that 90 per cent of the silver is in the hands of the public and will stay there—until a really attractive price for silver (say \$2.50 or \$3 an ounce as compared to current Treasury selling prices of \$1.80) begins to coax some supply

back into the market. Some analysts think it's time to get back into silver mining stocks.

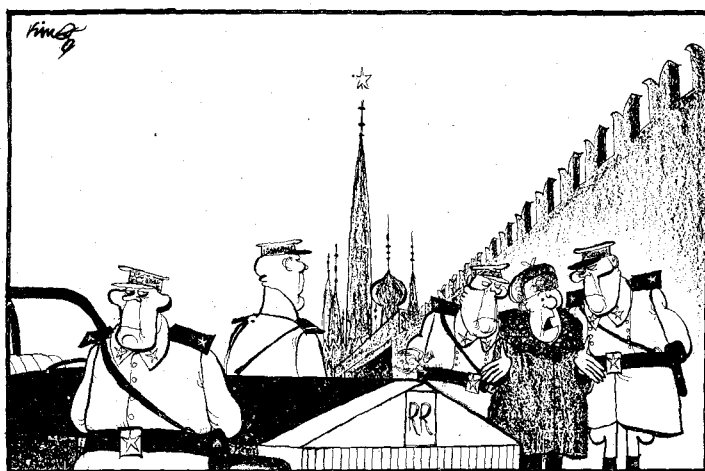
● Latest espionage news from Britain should finally demolish the illusion that spies are funny-ha-ha fumbler tripping over poisoned banana skins. Maclean gave the Russians information on the West's procurement and processing of uranium. George Blake betrayed forty British agents to their deaths. And Philby's catalogue of mischief included the scotching of the Anglo-American-sponsored guerrilla counterrevolution in Albania, thus virtually destroying hope of positive intervention behind the Iron Curtain. Now British agent Greville Wynne, who was released from Russian jail in exchange for Soviet spy Gordon Lonsdale, details in a preface to his autobiography the information passed to the West by Penkovskiy: names and often photographs of over 300 Soviet and satellite agents; details of rocket sites, manpower, weapon production and design; the sending of scarce control equipment to Cuba; along with the rockets; USSR relations with the satellites and so on. The Russians have just proposed that the imprisoned British lecturer, Gerald Brooke—whom nobody even in Moscow claims to be a spy—should be exchanged for Peter and Helen Kroger, the Russian agents nabbed with Lonsdale in the Admiralty spy ring. The British have rightly refused. Spies are not just ordinary folks.

● Last year the Soviet Union's imports from Western Europe dropped one per cent. In the first half of this year, Soviet imports are up by a wild 43 per cent with a 60 per cent increase in goods from West Germany, the continent's largest supplier to the East. The Russians are buying consumer goods, principally clothing, as never before, and Western economists are guessing that the stuff is all going for window and counter displays, so that the Fiftieth Anniversary can be celebrated in a true Potemkin Village spirit of progress.

● Jacques Rueff, the French monetary authority and adviser to de Gaulle, made a special trip to the U.S. late in October to address a group of bankers meeting in Boston. Urging the devaluation of the dollar, he talked a kind of turkey rarely heard in financial circles: "Some people believe that an increase in the price of gold would unduly favor Russia. But Russia also exports coal. Would it be wise to reduce the price of coal in the United States to its 1934 level in order to diminish the purchasing power that Russia derives from exports? Furthermore, all information tends to show that the cost of gold is very high in the USSR. Other people refuse to favor South Africa. But it is generally the same people who fear an insufficiency in gold production. It is not logical to ask

for greater production and to refuse to pay its price. It is certain that the reform will have to be carried out... The only question is to know whether it will be done before or after the crisis. Let me hope that it will be done before it is too late."

● Janet Mondlane is in town, ladies, raising money for her pet charity, Frelimo, the Mozambique Liberation Front. You remember Mrs. Mondlane as plain old American Janet Johnson of Downers Grove, Ill. and an alumna of Northwestern U. Now she lives in Dar-es-Salaam, the mother of three and the wife of Eduardo Mondlane who, as leader of several thousand Soviet-armed guerrillas harassing the Portuguese near the Tanzanian border, must certainly be one of the busiest men in Southern Africa. Janet herself keeps busy as director of the Mozambique Institute, training Mozambiquans to take over the country when the Portuguese are kicked out. And of course there's fund-raising to be done, and advice to be sought from Eduardo's well-wishers back home at the UN, where the *New York Times* caught up with her for the kind of credulous, Suzy Q interview it wouldn't dare do on, for example, Shirley Temple Black. (NYT on STB: "...She was heavier in the hips than she had been in her adult movie roles... She repeated the phrases of her campaign speeches, often strongly, with the efficiency and manner of a woman's club leader." NYT on JM: "Janet Mondlane protests modestly that her career is nothing out of the ordinary... She decided at an early age that she would have to do something about the world" etc.) NR's last issue will fill you in on Frelimo ("The Revolution in the Third World"). As for Suzy Q: "... At first I wanted to become a missionary doctor in Africa. My family didn't care much for that idea—father is a mechanical engineer and a Republican—but they were sympathetic to my ill-informed social consciousness." And still are?



Daily Telegraph, Australia

Ben Roth Agency

"All I said was that in the decadent West I'd be able to choose between a Rolls and a Bentley."

● The Press Release of the Month Award goes, once again, to Mr. Aggrey K. Oji, Special Representative of the Republic of Biafra in the U.S., for the following: "ENUGU, BIAFRA / TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1967—Biafra's Commissioner for Information Dr. Ifeagwu Eke, has dismissed as 'Childish, and Typically Nigerian' the report by Lagos Radio that Colonel Ojukwu was attempting to leave the Republic of Biafra." The selection was made from among 162 press releases received during the month of October, 47 of which were from Mr. Aggrey K. Oji. The judges' special commendation reads: "Typically Biafran." Congratulations, Mr. Oji, and congratulations. Dr. Eke.

## Unleashing the Silent Center

"The idea was mine," insisted ex-Senator Paul Douglas, but it was the nourishing interest, we may be sure, of his old friend and colleague now in the White House that fostered the growth of the idea into the Citizens Committee for Peace with Freedom in Vietnam, which Mr. Douglas and General Omar N. Bradley unveiled publicly October 25. The roster of names was a fairly impressive assembly, drawn mostly from the political center or its close-in suburbs: the two living ex-Presidents and ex-Secretaries of State, George Meany, Lewis Strauss, Thomas S. Gates, Leo Cherne, Generals Lucius Clay and S. L. A. Marshall, educators James B. Conant, Harry Gideonse and George Schuster, Professors George Taylor, James MacGregor Burns, Louis Hacker, Frank Trager, and Robert Scalapino, some prominent businessmen and trade unionists and a scattering of writers (Allan Nevins, Ralph McGill, Rex Stout, James T. Farrell, Eric Hoffer) among the hundred named. These, by the Committee's policy statement, believe they "speak for the great 'silent center' of American life." They describe themselves as "concerned citizens who seek peace with freedom in Vietnam... in the conviction that our own vital national interests are at stake... We strongly support our commitment in Vietnam and the policy of noncompromising, although limited, resistance to aggression... We favor a sensible road between capitulation and the indiscriminate use of raw power." Mr. Douglas explained to the press conference that the Committee's "main activity" will be "educational": "to inform the American people on the Vietnam situation" through educational material that will be "clear, readable and authoritative."

The men and women composing this new Committee are, in truth, for the most part responsible, distinguished, and decent citizens honestly concerned to uphold their country, to demonstrate that "the voices of dissent have, thus far, received attention far out of proportion to their actual numbers," to

hearten our soldiers by an assurance of solidarity with them, and to warn the aggressor against underestimating America's commitment.

It would be ungracious to criticize their intent, but at the same time it does not seem likely that their enterprise is going to cut much ice. They propose, in essence, to explain and defend the Administration's centrist, neither-dove-nor-hawk policy in the Vietnam war. But the Administration, with all its resources, has had two and a half years to explain and defend that policy, and has not been persuasive to a large portion of the electorate. Why should this committee of amateurs busy at so many other things suppose that they will do better?

Their start in explanation, it must be said, is not impressive. Their policy, they tell us in the sentence we have cited, is for a "limited" resistance to aggression. What can *that* mean? They'll resist up to a point, but beyond that point they'll give way, so as not to exceed the proper limit of resistance? And how can "limited" resistance be "uncompromising"? And the Committee favors "a sensible road between capitulation and the indiscriminate use of raw power." Just *where* in between? Will they settle for half-way from capitulation, or only for two-thirds? How, really, can your road be between capitulation and *anything* else? Either you capitulate or you don't. Isn't capitulating a bit rather like getting pregnant a bit?

We can't help wishing that Messrs. Eisenhower, Truman, Douglas et al.—with or without the President's blessing—had formed a Citizens Committee for Winning the War in Vietnam. They might have found themselves speaking, in that case, much more accurately and adequately for "the great 'silent center' of American life."

## *To Declare or Not To Declare?*

At a press conference in Iowa the other day, Governor Ronald Reagan raised a question that is often discussed in private conversations but surprisingly seldom mentioned in public: should there not be "consideration" (this was the word he chose) given to an outright declaration of war in the Vietnam conflict? He had been talking to the reporters about the Vietnik demonstrations, and he suggested that a declaration of war might, among other things, be the way to curb the demonstrators' excesses that are "aiding the enemy that is trying to kill [our] sons."

NR has long been much troubled in spirit over this problem of a war declaration. We know very well that to fight a war in a foreign land, as the nation is now doing, without a formal declaration by Congress, is a violation of the plain sense of our Constitution which cannot be hidden by any number of sophistries about Tonkin Resolutions and "powers of

the Commander-in-Chief." We believe a declaration would yield a sounder legal basis for dealing with some of the domestic divisions and turmoils that hamper the prosecution of the war—though we are less sure that, things having gone as far as they have, a declaration would automatically bring the increased sense of national unity and purpose that some advocates, reasoning from the aftermath of past declarations, anticipate.

A declaration would bring into force many of the elaborate laws providing for military and economic mobilization, which would . . . but here we must hesitate . . . which would put the nation in a more suitable posture for fighting a large-scale, all-out war, certainly, but is it equally certain that we need and want that posture, with all it means for the disruption of the more normal modes of civilian life, work and conduct? A declaration of war would also entail weighty consequences in international relations, with allies and friendly nations as well as with opponents and enemies. Lines would be more sharply and inflexibly drawn—but do we really need and want them drawn so? May it not be better—more useful, giving more chance for maneuver, for seizing unexpected breaks—to keep the lines somewhat blurred, as now they are? We would force other nations to choose—but is it always wise to force others to choose? By a declaration we would take on a total commitment—but how absolute do we need and want our commitment to be? Then, too, it is likely, on present indications, that the proposal of a formal declaration would get a large negative vote in Congress, which would hardly be an outcome to inspire the nation or to impress the outside enemy and world with our national firmness.

These are only samples of the bewildering pros and cons. The Administration may be correct, on net, in shying away from a declaration. But it has not made a convincing case for its decision; it has never, in fact, attempted to explain its decision except by a passing phrase. We feel Governor Reagan ought to pursue his request for "consideration," public and adequate consideration, of this puzzling issue which, we have found, worries very many thoughtful citizens. By traditional and constitutional precedent, a formal declaration is in order. The burden of proof, therefore, lies on those who want to do without it.

## *How's Business?*

A headline last week reported that the U.S. economy is now past its 80th month of boom since (heh-heh-heh, remember who was elected President in 1960?) January 1961, and the signs and portents foretold more boom and still more boom.

But. The Federal Government, trying to borrow a

few zillion to tide it over its eternal deficit, discovered that it had to pay a net interest rate of 5.75 per cent—the highest rate in 41 years. Cities Service Company, an A-1 risk, had difficulty borrowing \$100 million at an interest rate of 6.125 per cent. Ford Motor Company reported a loss of \$74 million for the third, the strike-hobbled, calendar quarter; and said it would be some time before it would swim back into black ink. For the first nine months of 1967 the Corporation (U.S. Steel) reported a 10 per cent drop in sales and 30 per cent drop in profits. In recent weeks the common stock indices have shown more zag than zig. This is a boom?

Meanwhile, the monetary system of the Free World is losing gold at a rising rate, and the U.S. Government is preparing to melt its silver coins. There are some fascinating rumors to the effect that Treasury Secretary Fowler, his back to the wall, has been forced to issue gold guarantees to the Common Market countries. These, of course, must be secret guarantees. Should the excluded countries find out, then that might be the beginning of the final run on the dollar (calling forth an immediate embargo on gold shipments). This lights up the real meaning of the great rush to find a substitute for gold. The SDRs recently invented by the IMF conferees in Buenos Aires don't stand a chance of doing the job.

Or look at it another way. If U.S. industry is so robust (it's a boom, remember), then how come we're running a trade deficit for the first time since the memory of man runneth back to the contrary, as Sen. Thurmond has disclosed? So why the greatest effort of recent years to raise tariff walls, write quotas as imports, "protect" this economic giant from

the "perils" of "foreign competition"? Could it be that we are not quite so strong as we seem to be, after 80 months of boom? (One analyst reports that the "Kennedy Round" of tariff cuts, though billed as a great achievement, has produced so far only an agreement signed by the U.S. No other country has signed. In order to blackmail other countries into signing, says our friend, a protectionist storm is being whooped up in Congress. Crazier things have happened.)

So how's business? Brilliant—on paper. But in the long run, if you really want our opinion, business is not better than the gold flow. As long as smart free capital is scrambling at an unprecedented rate, we'll have our guard up.

### *With the Mayors*

Watch the results of Tuesday's mayoral elections for these factors—all connected with the race issue. *Cleveland*: Liberal Representative Carl Stokes, a Negro, against liberal Republican lawyer Seth Taft. Stokes beat out Mayor Ralph Lochner in the Democratic primary. After pussy-footing for a month, he brought the race issue out into the open two weeks ago: "The personal analysis of all competent political experts is that Seth Taft may win in the Nov. 7 election for only one reason. The reason is that his skin happens to be white." Stokes has the support of both the *Cleveland New Dealer* and the *Cleveland Press*. White registration in Cleveland is about two-thirds higher than Negro registration. But the city has been Democratic for decades. Both Stokes and Taft are liberals. Cleveland has undergone race riots—the Hough riots of 1966. Black power may prove the deciding factor: will it scare enough first and second generation white immigrants into crossing over to vote for the Republican Taft?

*Gary, Indiana*: Here Richard Gordon Hatcher, a Negro, is running against Joseph Radigan, a civic-minded Republican furniture dealer with no previous political experience (or visible pizzaz). Hatcher is running without the support of the local Democratic leaders who fault him for refusing to repudiate black powerites Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown and for supporting far-out Vietnik positions—draft card burning etc. But he has gotten the support of Hubert Humphrey, Robert Kennedy and the national Democratic organization. Population about 50-50, with white registration edging Negro registration, however. A nip and tuck proposition.

*Boston*: Louise Day Hicks, who ran first in field of ten in the Boston mayoral primary, v. Kevin White, who ran second. Mrs. Hicks is tagged by everyone in sight as the racist in this contest—as a member of the Boston School Board she opposed bussing of children and the destruction of the neighborhood

### *The New Economics*

*Through the economic smog overhanging the nation, one signal is clearly visible—corporate profits are down for the first nine months from the corresponding period of 1966.*

New York Times

Round about the cauldron go;  
In, the funny figures throw.  
Toe of Amex, nail of Dow;  
Sweat from Lyndon Johnson's brow.  
Season with consumer's ear  
And a fingerful of fear.  
Add a cup of Standard Oil:  
Stir, until it starts to boil.  
Once the bubbling begins,  
Secretary Fowler grins!  
That's because he'll recommend  
Tax and tax and spend and spend.

W. H. VON DREELE

## Focus on

# WASHINGTON

liberal!" The object of its rage is Rep. Edith Green of Oregon, a long-time liberal (current ACA rating, 9 per cent), the number-two Democrat on the House Committee on Education and Labor and a fearless critic of the Office of Economic Opportunity, whose funds must be approved by the above Committee. Sargent Shriver and his bureaucratic legions are accustomed to Republican and conservative opposition to the war on poverty. But they were not prepared for so fierce an onslaught from one of their own kind, a bona fide liberal Democrat who has called for a pause to the bombing in Vietnam almost as many times as Dr. Spock.

Mrs. Green's objections to the anti-poverty program are: a) it is wasteful and b) it is ineffective. Again and again, she has uncovered such unnecessary expenditures as an allotment for eight water coolers in a new poverty office in New York. What's wrong with tap water, she wants to know. Her solution for the program's inefficiency rests on two amendments, both of which are anathema to the poverty warriors. First, shift major parts of the OEO to appropriate bureaus in the Departments of Health, Education and Welfare, Labor and others. Second, give state, county and local officials rather than the OEO in Washington control of the funds for community action programs.

The latter amendment was approved by the Education and Labor Committee by a vote of 18 to 13, and the entire OEO bill was subsequently reported to the House, which should begin debating it about Nov. 7. Interestingly enough, twelve Committee Republicans voted against the Green amendment and its principle of local authority on the ground that it would give control of the programs to Democratic machines which prevail in most of our cities.

With so many unpredictable allies and enemies, the war on poverty, President Johnson's major legislative innovation, may end quite abruptly. Certainly, if Mrs. Green has her way, the command of the war will be

◆ The Johnson Administration is now paraphrasing Shakespeare, crying out: "Oh sharper than a serpent's tooth is the tongue of an ungrateful

turned over to more capable and efficient hands than Sargent Shriver and the OEO.

◆ Another well-known liberal is causing a stir in the Capital—although in this case the Administration is pleased with his unexpected stand. In a column for the *Sunday Star*, soft-spoken Howard K. Smith lowered the boom on James Reston and Walter Lippmann. Reston, declared the television newscaster, has falsely stated that both sides in the Vietnam debate have dangerously escalated their arguments. "It is," said Smith, "the dissenters alone who have departed from reason and fairness. It is the baby doctor from Ohio and the preacher from Yale who have encouraged young people to stop thinking and break the law—not their opponents."

As for Walter Lippmann, wrote Smith, in calling for the U.S. to pull out of Vietnam and back to Australia, he is guilty of faulty thinking and reasoning (*sic!*). Comments Smith, "[Lippmann] says, for example, that Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy kept us out of a big war in Vietnam and that it was Mr. Johnson who violated the American tradition (by the way, what tradition?) and got us into it. That is about as sound as praising Presidents Coolidge and Hoover for keeping us out of World War II and criticizing President Roosevelt for breaking the tradition and getting us into it."

Smith concluded that the debate's degeneration is "unilateral" and that it is up to the dissenters "and the respectable pundits who provide them with a theoretical justification . . . to de-escalate."

Edith Green . . . Howard K. Smith . . . who's next?

◆ President Johnson, however, continues to be as predictable as ever. He has given congressional leaders a list of twenty bills that *must* be passed, he says, before Congress goes home. *Voila!* A determined leader fighting for his program. But what he and the congressional leaders all know is that the majority of these bills are routine matters which Congress is either passing or will pass. One of them, for example, is a meat inspection bill. Another deals with air pollution. There is one certain disappointment for the President: the ten percent surtax. Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, doubts that there are more than twenty members of the House who would vote for it. Even so, eighteen or nineteen out of twenty *must* items isn't a bad average, is it?

CATO

schools. But no one has been able to catch her actually making a racist statement. Everyone of consequence in Boston seems to be against her—except perhaps the people, more than 80 per cent of whom are white. Sen. Brooke has refused to take sides in the contest. It's a local issue, he says.

*Philadelphia:* The race issue obtrudes only collaterally. Mayor James Tate (Democrat) boasts that his tough police commissioner, Frank Rizzo, saw to it that no riots erupted in the City of Brotherly

Love this summer. He makes it clear he intends to keep Rizzo if he is re-elected. The Negro community is demanding Rizzo's ouster. Tate's opponent is Arlen Specter, a liberal (Lindsay-type) Democrat-turned-Republican who has the support of the ADA Democrats in Philadelphia plus the tacit support of the old Democratic machine (what remains of it) of Francis Raphael Smith, who has been feuding with Tate for years. In this one it's a liberal, civil rights Republican against a more conservative Democrat

In the

Next Issue



*A Relaxing View of Ronald Reagan*

*by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*

*GIs Speak Out on the Vietnam War*

*by Marvin Liebman*

in a city which has not had a Republican mayor since 1951. Hard to figure.

## *Let Tshombe Go*

It's now pretty well authenticated. In the more than three months that he has been held captive by the Algerian government of President Houari Boumedienne, Moise Tshombe, former Prime Minister of the Congo, has been drugged and tortured. Two of Tshombe's companions on the hijacked plane, the Belgians Charles Sigal and Marcel Hambursin, now back in Brussels, have confirmed stories (see *NR*, Oct. 31) that Moise Tshombe had been given overdoses of the truth serum and was in danger of death. They say further that both they and Tshombe were tortured during their daily questioning by Algerian authorities.

According to Sigal and Hambursin the kidnaping of Tshombe was carefully planned. The former Katangese leader was approached by a personable French ex-convict, François Bodenan, to set up a foundation in Belgium on African affairs. Bodenan made his approach through Sigal, a Belgian businessman who in turn approached Hambursin, who was an adviser to Tshombe. A meeting was set up and it was while flying back from that meeting in a chartered jet that the plane was diverted to Algiers.

That's when the deal began to sour. Boumedienne, striving to replace Nasser as the leader of Arab socialism and to move up in the Third World chain of command, made conditions for the transfer of Tshombe to Kinshasa that Mobutu could not accept and still remain in power. So Tshombe remains in his Algerian cell and those intellectualist circles that have been falling all over themselves in appealing to President Barrientos of Bolivia to release the French Marxist Régis Debray, caught arms in hand with Bolivian guerrillas, remain silent over the unjust imprisonment and torture of Moise Tshombe, whose great sin is that he is adamantly pro-West. (Another case of selective indignation.)

The Tshombe Emergency Committee (79 Madison Avenue, New York 10016), having appealed to everyone else in sight, last week addressed an appeal to

Col. Boumedienne calling on him to let Tshombe go—to return him to Spain—in the name of international law and civilized humanity.”

## *Who Killed the Hippies?*

The hippie movement is dead, say the mass media. Killed by the mass media, say the hippies. Overrated, overexploited, overcommercialized. “. . . the hippie has been overexposed,” writes nineteen-year-old Paul Williams in the *Village Voice*. “He’s received so much attention from American society that he—the label—has become a part of that society. Gotta get a new label. Or none at all, this time.” In San Francisco, the staging-ground of the hippie cult, a mock funeral last month established the death of the “hippie” label and the birth of a new one, “free men.” It didn’t play. Ten thousand had showed up last January for the “Human Be-In” that started the mass media circus; only one hundred free men came to the last rites, and now the mass media are filing the obituaries. Dead, like the beatniks before them, the hippies feel that they have been rushed to an untimely grave: gotta get that new label, or none.

It is axiomatic that society does not aggrandize that which truly threatens it. The simplistic pieties of the hippies were too adorable, too accessible to be left alone. The media happily publicized the love ethic, *communitas*, flower power. Pornographic art, promiscuity, abortion, drugs, were translated as symptoms of passive resistance to an authority which suppressed the vital juices in us all, parent and child, hippie and square alike. This was a generation in revolt. We must all join the revolution sooner or later. Or, alternatively, we must Remove Its Underlying Causes.

Causes? Materialistic greed, middle-class values, the superficial sleekness of American life. The phrases rose easily to the aggrandizing press. It was easy to sympathize with the hippies, easy to cast the present generational revolt in terms forty years out of date, the terms of Sinclair Lewis and *Babbitt*. But bigotry, prurience and authoritarianism no longer characterize the American middle class; it is on the contrary more apt to be college-bred, progressive and dogmatically broad-minded. Nor do middle-class children revolt—they drop out. A sociologist working in New York’s East Village put the matter succinctly last summer: “How can you rebel sexually against a mother who will be happy to give you the pill at the age of fourteen?”

Several ugly murders in the hippie ghettos brought the parents out at last, looking for the lost children. For many the affair ended with the first cold wave. For others, the irredeemable ones, it goes on, a hazy romance of poverty and degradation vainly seeking the lower depths of a society which permits

all. When the last hippie dies, he will have been loved to death.

## Harvey Cox Goes to a Happening

The International Congress on Religion, Architecture and the Visual Arts was held recently in New York, and the best time was had by all one evening in Greenwich Village at a happening, where the assembled clerics, artists, architects and nuns were offered black mashed potatoes, screamed at in a blinding light at a simulated police line-up, invited to view persons in bed or sitting on toilets, whip dressmaker's dummies, and dance with girls who turned out to be boys. The climax was an all-ye-in-free orgy, a "foam rubber garden of delights," according to Harvey Cox of the Harvard Divinity School who was, blissfully, there, and whose rave review is carried in the October 13 *Commonweal*. "In the squeegy darkness," he continues, "one could hear screams, sighs and suspicious silences. Eventually a girl in a nurse's uniform holding a flashlight called me into another room where she looked down my throat and sent me out to the street. The happening was over." Out on the dreary street in the dreary real world, he met a nun, age 70, who said, "I feel like Mickey Mouse."

Next day at the Congress they pondered the meaning of it all—"Dante's inferno-purgatorio-paradiso? Death and rebirth? Sin and redemption?" They pondered the direction of art in our time. Cox found that "we lived through something that nourished us, sharpened our perception, broke open some of our conventional ways of looking at things." What conventional ways? Cox doesn't sound very conventional to us. On the other hand, Harvard divines who need to be tumbled on mattresses and played tricks on in order to come alive to the idea that "it is man who orders the world, and not the other way around"—just what we anti-environmentalists have been saying for years—must be engaged in a rather staid, insensate existence to begin with. Such innocence ought not to be permitted to those who attend international congresses on religion, architecture and the visual arts. Harvey Cox, Mickey Mouse is *you*.

## Archbishop Joseph P. Hurley, R I P

Archbishop Joseph P. Hurley of St. Augustine, Florida, who died last week, was among the most adamant and outspoken critics of Communism in the United States, and he knew what it was that he feared and hated, and knew its potential for evil. Archbishop Hurley had served in a number of diplomatic posts in Europe and Asia, doing work of critical importance for the Vatican. On being retired,

more or less, to St. Augustine, he persevered in his passions, and greatly befriended NATIONAL REVIEW, which he remembered in his prayers, and to which he sent annually a small contribution. We pray, in turn, for his eternal rest, and, as ever, for the final success of his mission on earth.

## ✻ THE NR POLL ✻

Latest results of the NR Poll's "Candidate Supplement," based on a far larger sampling than heretofore, show that our readers still think Richard Nixon has the best chance of winning the 1968 nomination (in fact, the percentage of readers who think so has risen to 68 per cent from 59 per cent six weeks ago). But Ronald Reagan remains their first choice, by 50 per cent (compared with 55 per cent in the earlier sampling); Nixon is second with 43 per cent. Which Republican has the best chance of beating Lyndon Johnson? The percentages haven't changed a bit: 38 per cent say Nixon and 36 per cent say Reagan. Romney? Six weeks ago, 20 per cent of those responding felt he had the best chance of winning the nomination; now the figure is just 7 per cent. Nelson Rockefeller may be gratified by the slight rise in his acceptability: he's the first choice of 4 per cent, as opposed to 1 per cent in our first sampling; and he's given the best chance of getting the nomination by 11 per cent (last sampling, 6 per cent).

Here are the latest percentages, based on 7,023 responses, with figures from the previous sampling of 1,028 in parentheses:

#1 Please list the five men whom—as of right now—you consider the leading contenders for the Republican Presidential nomination in order of your estimate of their current chances of receiving the nomination (do not vote your preference here; see 2):

| Votes | Nixon     | Reagan    | Romney    | Percy     | Rockefeller |
|-------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-------------|
| 1st   | 68% (59%) | 14% (14%) | 7% (20%)  | .5% (.7%) | 11% (6%)    |
| 2nd   | 25% (28%) | 31% (31%) | 15% (28%) | 3% (2%)   | 26% (11%)   |
| 3rd   | 9% (11%)  | 41% (36%) | 19% (25%) | 3% (7%)   | 28% (21%)   |
| 4th   | 4% (4%)   | 17% (20%) | 28% (14%) | 27% (26%) | 24% (36%)   |
| 5th   | 2% (3%)   | 5% (6%)   | 27% (5%)  | 56% (59%) | 10% (27%)   |

#2 If the choice were narrowed down to the *three* top contenders you listed above, how would you pick them *right now* (here, rank the top three in order of *your own preference*):

| Votes | Nixon     | Reagan    | Romney    | Percy     | Rockefeller |
|-------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-------------|
| 1st   | 43% (40%) | 50% (55%) | 2% (3%)   | 1% (.7%)  | 4% (1%)     |
| 2nd   | 47% (49%) | 37% (32%) | 5% (10%)  | 3% (2%)   | 8% (7%)     |
| 3rd   | 12% (10%) | 9% (7%)   | 24% (51%) | 15% (10%) | 40% (22%)   |

#3 Which of the top five Republican contenders you listed above has the *best chance* (again, regardless of your own personal preference) to defeat the Democratic nominee if the Democratic nominee is: A-President Lyndon B. Johnson, B-Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey, C-Senator Robert F. Kennedy:

|     | Nixon     | Reagan    | Romney   | Percy    | Rockefeller |
|-----|-----------|-----------|----------|----------|-------------|
| LBJ | 38% (38%) | 36% (36%) | 6% (13%) | 2% (1%)  | 18% (11%)   |
| HHH | 43% (41%) | 40% (37%) | 2% (12%) | .5% (1%) | 15% (9%)    |
| RFK | 24% (22%) | 55% (56%) | .5% (7%) | .5% (5%) | 14% (10%)   |

# *Announcing A New Patriotic Committee*

**JOIN NOW**

## **THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE TO HORSEWHIP DREW PEARSON**

—Whereas by his foul insinuations on the virtue of Mrs. Shirley Temple Black, Mr. Drew Pearson has outraged the conscience of the community;

—And whereas by his most recent imputations against Governor Ronald Reagan and his persecution of former members of Governor Reagan's staff he has continued his program of vilifications and slander,

THEREFORE: We do hereby propose, and solicit support for, The Committee to Horsewhip Drew Pearson.

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**National Committee to Horsewhip Drew Pearson**

*(Tax exemption applied for)*

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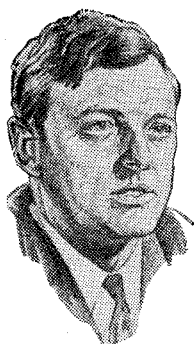
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## A Racy Correspondence

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

# ON THE RIGHT

Several weeks ago I announced via the *Yale Daily News* that I would compete next spring for a position as trustee of Yale University, and my decision promptly became, to my considerable surprise, national news, e.g. page one in the *New York Times*,—which seemed to see in my candidacy a class prejudice against graduates of high schools. But to communicate the tone of the thing, I reproduce a letter from a high official of the *New York Times* who is also an old personal friend. He wrote:



Buckley

"Dear Marse Bill,

"Golly gee, Marse, I owe you an apology. I had no idea that the likes of old humble me and me three boys were annoying the likes of you and our other betters. Not, you understand, that I really thought they could get into Yale—no, *sir*. We're not that much above our station, Marse. We know the boys are disqualified, not just because they go to P.S. 109 somewhere but because they just don't have the benefit of the exquisite upbringing of all the young gentlemen from Connecticut whose names we print with such admiration whenever they get picked up drunk or in junkie raids. Why could you believe it, Marse, not one of my boys has gotten drunk in a beach party in Southhampton? But they is pretty good at forelock-tuggin', Marse.

"No, *sir*, we never had no such ideas about Yale. But what I'm apologizing about is that you might have *thought* our little half-Jew half-Irish halfbreeds from P.S. 109

somewhere had such ideas and that thought might have irritated you, Marse.

"Yes, *suh*, and I'm also terribly grateful for the lesson in real old fashioned apple pie American values you are giving us sons of immigrants.

"But, only one thing puzzles me, Marse, and that comes from your book, *God and Man at Yale*. How in hell is His Son going to get in?

"Sincerely,

"JOE" (as I shall call him)

To this letter I sent of course a reply, the burden of which is the misleading nature of some news stories (and the difficulty in reaching the letters page, presided over by Managing Editor Clifton Daniel):

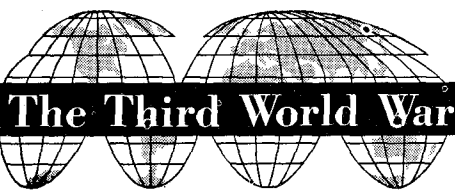
"Dear Joe:

"Though less irritable than you, I can imagine myself writing such a letter as yours after reading such an account (of my candidacy) as appeared in the *New York Times*. I take it that your Mr. Borders (who by-lined the story) telephoned me all the way to Los Angeles from New Haven in order to make absolutely certain that he misunderstood my position correctly, so as to insure that the distortion should appear in the *New York Times* absolutely unaltered. I made my position (needless to say unrelated to your caricature) clear to your Mr. Borders, and clear in my column before I announced my candidacy, which column was published in two hundred newspapers the same day that the *New York Times* published the Colonel Blimp version. I elaborated to Mr. Borders when he called me yet again—'my editors' wanted to know how Mr. Buckley could justify his position in the light of his own father's not having gone to Yale—that the plan I proposed would not have excluded me then or now, nor

would it exclude anyone simply in virtue of where he had prepared; indeed, that the plan I had specifically singled out as 'exemplary' was in operation in Princeton University until a few years ago, and that under it, fewer than 25 per cent of the entering class were sons of alumni. I must assume that Mr. Borders included this as a part of his story, but that His Editors thought it racier to insinuate to their readers a class-conscious contempt on my part for all graduates of P.S. 109, so as to give themselves, among other things, the pleasure of scaring Joe Jones into a fit of minstrel prose. . . . I would write a letter to the *Times* and patiently explain the discrepancies between my position as given and my position as reported, except that I do not relish another *pas de deux* with Clif Daniel, followed by censorship. Tell me, my friend, what school do you have to graduate from in order to get a letter remarking a distortion published in the *New York Times*? That must be the most exclusive school in the country.

"Yours as ever,  
"BILL"

They are vexed questions: 1) What rights do the private schools have? In New York, the pending constitution goes so far as to suggest that parochial schools do not have the right to discriminate against children on account of religion! 2) Is it possible to assert that private schools have rights, without appearing to take a position against public schools? And 3)—the eternal question—how difficult it always is to take a complex position without somebody's hamming it up. Not unusually, that somebody turns out to have been in the forefront of the critics of Joe McCarthy who never, it was charged, understood subtle distinctions. Even though he graduated from P.S. 109.



# The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

## Do Sanctions Work?

November 11 is the second anniversary of Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence. Not one among the world's gross of governments has recognized Rhodesia as a sovereign, independent nation. The General Assembly of the United Nations, two members only dissenting, has forbidden virtually all exports to, imports from and monetary transaction with Rhodesia and Rhodesians. The nations predominant in global trade have backed up these economic sanctions by stringent legal measures binding on their citizens.



Burnham

Nevertheless, Rhodesia survives, with a government of its own that is de facto both independent and sovereign—that is, subject in fact to no outside authority and exercising effective control over its claimed territory and population. The economic sanctions have failed to bring the Ian Smith regime to heel. The sanctions have not ruined the Rhodesian economy and have not forced Rhodesia to renounce UDI.

Not that the sanctions have been "meaningless." Their economic effect has been significant and extensive—though not uniformly injurious to Rhodesia. They have compelled a restructuring of Rhodesia's domestic economy and her foreign trade relations. Tobacco farming, which was Rhodesia's largest industry and primary foreign exchange earner, has been badly crippled. In contrast, many light industries have grown rapidly in order to supply the home market with commodities formerly imported. Part of the tobacco acreage has been transferred to grain, cattle and seed production. Rhodesia's foreign purchasing has swung from the British firms that were the major suppliers to new, often disguised sources—Ger-

man (both West and East), Japanese, Portuguese, Italian and above all, of course, South African. There have been correlated changes in the customers to which Rhodesian minerals (chrome, nickel, copper, gold, cobalt . . .) find their way. Rhodesia has continued to supply Zambia with coal, transport, electric power and many light consumer goods as in the past, but Rhodesia's share in that reluctant market has dropped and, as a result of major Zambian programs already undertaken, is destined to drop much further. Let us add that, although these economic shifts came about as a result of the sanctions policy, they are likely to prove permanent, in pattern at least, no matter what happens to Rhodesia politically.

## Less Than Deadly

Economic sanctions that are not enforced by thorough military measures (a military blockade) do not seem to work. The sanctions do not accomplish their professed objectives if the sanctionees feel that a sufficiently strong interest is at stake. The sanctions prove inconvenient but not deadly.

It is not only Rhodesia that teaches this lesson. The failure of economic sanctions against Italy, in connection with the Ethiopian war, is the classic between-wars case, and all examples since the end of World War II reconfirm. Our detailed sanctions policy toward Cuba has been, undoubtedly, a costly inconvenience to Castro; but still, he has got along. Sanctions have forced Cuba, like Rhodesia, to restructure its economic patterns, especially its foreign trade relations which, before Castro, had been overwhelmingly oriented toward the United States. Sanctions have caused some shortages and hardships. But they have failed to shake the regime.

Our sanctions (that is what they have amounted to) against sending nuclear equipment and knowledge to France perhaps delayed but did not prevent France from constructing nuclear submarines and warheads. One

actual effect of these sanctions—again as in the Rhodesian instance—has been to increase France's independence from us in these matters. The Arabs' sanctions against Israel have been awkward for tourists and embarrassing for Coca Cola International, but don't seem to have held Israel down. This year's Arab sanctions against sending oil to Western nations have been a complete flop. Sanctions against arms shipments ("arms embargoes")—the most common of all forms of sanctions—have never yet stopped a nation from getting arms.

Nor can it be said that the twenty years' policy of elaborate sanctions against the Communist bloc has been a howling success. No doubt it has slowed Soviet development in some fields, forced use of unsatisfactory substitutes in some cases, and added, sometimes heavily, to costs. It has had the usual sanction-effect of restructuring foreign trade and has strengthened the tendency toward autarchy inherent in the Communist domestic economy. But sanctions have not stopped the Communists from building aircraft, rockets, tanks, missiles, space ships and warheads—and pretty good ones, at that.

## What Are Sanctions For?

It seems obvious why economic sanctions not enforced by military measures so seldom work when something really important is at issue. There are too many nations and persons, with too many diverse interests. There are too many people who want to make a dollar or two, and too many nations that spot a chance to exploit an opening. Human beings, moreover, are very ingenious in adapting themselves to circumstance, and most of us have learned that wherever there is prohibition there's a bootlegger.

This is all so obvious, and so uniformly confirmed by experience, that one must wonder whether the real function of sanctions may not be something quite different from the nominal objectives. Harold Wilson's sanctions policy against Rhodesia doesn't get very far with Rhodesia, but it gives him a pious anti-racist, anti-reactionary glow that is useful in his business, both domestic and foreign. Perhaps in general, sanctions are more important for what they express in the sanctioner than what they do to the sanctioned.

## Letter From a Recent Battleground

# Short Story of a Short War: The Aftermath

HELENA BLACK

We might not have known there was recently a war for survival if we hadn't read about it in the American press. It was my brother Barry's first trip to Israel and everything looked normal to him. But it was my third and after a while I could see subtle signs of the war. There were fewer young soldiers in the streets of Tel Aviv; the road to Jerusalem was crowded with Russian trucks, Jewish stars hastily painted over their Arab license plates; the price of gas had risen over 12 per cent, and there was a spirit of frantic patriotism.

They all agreed that one of the worst aspects of the war had been not knowing what was happening. On the first day, Radio Cairo announced that Egyptian troops were fifty kilometers from Tel Aviv and advancing. By the second day, the troops had "advanced" to within 100 kilometers of Tel Aviv. No one knew what to believe.

Everyone had a story to tell. I found it amusing that Igor had gone to war in a civilian bus. My brother didn't understand why. "Can you imagine going to war on the Manhattan subway?" I asked. "Sure," he said, "if the war was in Brooklyn." And that was what I kept forgetting.

We were able to see most of the land now under Israeli control. Entrance requirements for civilians varied for each captured area. Anyone could go to Old Jerusalem or Bethlehem on the West Bank. Those with military passes or on tours could go to Jericho and Hebron on the West Bank, as far south as El Arish on the Gaza Strip and the Golan Heights captured from Syria. In addition, those with military passes could go to other parts of the West Bank such as Schechem and Tulkarm. As representatives of the foreign press, we had a military pass which enabled us to travel through these areas in our own car.

One town on the West Bank, Qalqilya, was closed to everyone except

military personnel, even to those with military passes. Qalqilya had long been the home for Fatah terrorist expeditions into Israel. I had a personal reason for wanting to see what had happened to Qalqilya. In 1963, I spent three months teaching English to immigrant children in Magdiel, a small Israeli town across the border from Qalqilya. My first night there, Fatah raiders from Qalqilya killed two Israeli civilians.

The Sinai Peninsula below El Arish was also closed to all but military personnel. As journalists, we were able to go on a military press tour of the northern part of the peninsula from the Gaza Strip to Qantara on the Suez Canal. The bus left Tel Aviv at six in the morning, with 24 foreign correspondents escorted by ten soldiers.

We drove south through the Gaza Strip on a road parallel to the Mediterranean. Judging from the shell holes and burned-out equipment, the fighting along this road must have been fierce. The commander of an Israeli artillery brigade pointed out that this was the only road to the Canal and had been the front line of the Egyptian defense of Sinai.



We spent some time in the city of Gaza, which has a big market place, hot, noisy and crowded. Everyone

there is a hustler, even the children. They followed us around crying "*lira, rak lira*," "only a pound," until it reverberated in our ears. It is remarkable how fast the Arabs have learned to count and sell in Hebrew. The people in Gaza don't seem to have any trade or skill; everything they sell is imported from somewhere else: Venetian glass, American toothpaste and, surprisingly, many Red Chinese products, including Great Wall batteries and Friendship pencils. And everything is "*rak lira*," only a pound. I watched a distinguished-looking Arab paint an enormous water jug in colors of bright green and orange. This was "*rak lira*" and in size alone seemed worth the price. I bought it and it became Barry's personal albatross. The further he carried it, the more he became convinced that the Sinai trip had been too much for me and that I had been suffering from sunstroke when I bought the jug. It was, however, the only example of indigenous crafts that I saw in the Gaza Strip. That is, unless one counts the paintings on exhibit in the abandoned school at Khan Yunis: paintings of Nasser bedecked as Julius Caesar, complete with laurel wreath; of a haloed angel with Nasser's head; of a terrifying-looking soldier with a Jewish star and a black eye patch (Dayan wouldn't have been flattered) raping an Arab woman.

Over the deafening cries of the Gaza hawkers, I heard a terrific blast. I got frightened and ran across the street to Lt. Col. Henry, one of our escorts. He started to berate me. "Why are you walking in the market alone? It isn't safe. Two hawkers will follow you, then three, then a crowd, then one will pinch you, you'll scream, our soldiers will come running, they'll fire shots, and you'll be tomorrow's international incident! Stay close to us." Chastened, I asked about the blast. "A mine," was his laconic reply. It was hard to believe that there was still danger here, that we were in a war zone. Most of the tourists were Israelis who ran to the captured areas like escaped prisoners, anxious to see something besides their own small land. In addition, Israeli merchants were buying up everyday items at prices substantially less than in Israel, rushing back to Tel Aviv to sell the goods at a profit.

We continued the drive westward

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to Qantara and the Suez Canal. Qantara was almost deserted. There had been over 10,000 people before the war; most had fled when the Egyptian army withdrew, and now there were fewer than 2,000. We parked the bus behind a brick wall and walked to a thirty-foot-high curtain suspended between two poles. This blocked our view of the Canal and also prevented the Egyptians from seeing Israeli troop movements in Qantara. Under strict instructions not to point towards Egypt, raise our arms or make sudden movements, we advanced four at a time in front of the curtain. I had wanted to dangle my feet in the Canal, but lost all such desire after I saw the guns covering us from both sides. We hurriedly took some pictures, then ran back behind the curtain while Egyptian and Israeli binoculars watched intently.

From Qantara we went south along the Canal. We passed a ship which had been stuck in the Canal for over two months then; nearly four months now. I wondered aloud if that was the ship which had a cargo of five million eggs. Our commander Lt. Col. Ezra, sniffed the air and said he didn't think so.

### Jordanians Are Friendly

There have been endless stories about the amount of Soviet equipment destroyed and captured in the Sinai campaign, but the carnage has to be seen to be appreciated to the full. Northern Sinai is one big graveyard of blackened Russian tanks, trucks, guns, helmets. We examined and climbed over equipment never before seen in the West. The key to the Arab defeat could be seen on one tank, inside of which I saw instructions in Russian. Most Arabs can barely read Arabic, let alone Russian: they lost the war because they couldn't operate their equipment.

After fourteen hours in the bounding bus, we finally reached Bir Gafgafa, a captured Egyptian base, where we spent the night in tents guarded by Israeli troops. I asked Lt. Col. Ezra whether there were facilities or whether I should just walk ten feet in any direction into the desert. He laughed and assigned a soldier to guide me through the unrelieved darkness. "I can't see." "Give me your hand." "Very cozy, but I'm afraid."

"Don't worry," he said. "There aren't any Arabs here. All of Sinai is ours." "Who's afraid of Arabs. I'm a city girl and I'm terrified of scorpions." "You're with an Israeli captain and nothing will happen to you," he answered with the supreme confidence of the victor. Nothing did.

After our trip to Sinai, we spent most of our time touring the West Bank. The Jordanians are extraordinarily nice, friendly people who went out of their way to be helpful. If we asked directions, people who didn't speak English directed us to those who did. Of course, a few scowled at us because our car had Israeli license plates, but when people found out we were Americans, they smiled. The roads in Jordan are cluttered with burned-out American equipment. Nasser's propaganda notwithstanding, the people in Jordan like Americans. There was a decided undercurrent of unrest on the West Bank. We never saw obvious rudeness to Israelis, but the children showed their fear of Israeli soldiers. We toured parts of the West bank with Igor and Shmuel who were both in uniform. Everywhere in the captured areas there were armed Israeli soldiers on patrol. They seemed nervous when groups assembled and were constantly motioning the Arabs to move on. We were laughing and drinking coffee with Jordanian friends when two Israeli soldiers ran over to see if we were all right. They seemed surprised that we were socializing.

Near Jericho we saw empty towns whose populace had fled en masse to the East Bank. They either forded the Jordan River, which is narrow and muddy here, or they went to Allenby Bridge which is about five miles outside of Jericho. The bridge, near the Dead Sea, is below sea level, and very hot and humid. During the hour we stayed we saw an Arab woman dressed in black plod across the makeshift trestle which had been built under the remains of the bombed-out bridge. Back and forth she went, carrying chairs, mattresses, clothing, baskets. An Israeli soldier told us that from four to five hundred people were crossing to the East Bank each day. We only saw one. The next day we learned from the *Jerusalem Post* that there had been shooting near the Allenby Bridge while we were there. We had missed that. We

learned, too, that Dayan had been there, but we didn't see him either.

In Jordan, unlike in Gaza, we saw many talented artisans and met many educated and charming people. We met several men who had lived in what is now Israel prior to 1948. They all claimed to have had many Jewish friends and were sorry that Jordan had ever gotten involved in the war. Many Israelis were truly dismayed when Jordan entered the war. In Israel, King Hussein is widely admired for his courage and honesty. Amman's call for increased sabotage on the West Bank has surprised those Israelis who basically like the Jordanians. One sometimes gets the impression that Israel and Jordan are reluctant enemies.

### Sandbags Still in Place

Teddy Kollek, the mayor of unified Jerusalem, has worked fast to make East and West Jerusalem one. It is an unenviable job and his long hours have made him short-tempered. But his accomplishments are impressive. Telephone, water, postal and other services of the two cities were merged in less than two months. Jordanian civil servants have been integrated into the city administration at the same salaries as Israelis. Elected officials have hesitated. "All of them object to doing anything that is officially connected with the Israeli government," Kollek told us. They have all been very careful because they would be regarded as traitors if Jordan took over the area again. But there is currently a tourist boom in Old Jerusalem, and the lure of commerce is evidently greater than the threats from Fatah, the Arab terrorist organization, and Amman. The most recent calls for strikes have not been heeded to any great degree.

Officially the war is over, but if there is peace, it is an uneasy one, as was demonstrated just a fortnight ago with the sinking of the *Elath* and the Israeli counterblow at Nasser's oil refineries. In Israel, seventeen-year-old Danny wanted to fight in this war, but the minimum age for the army is eighteen. His mother told him to wait for the next time, and she is sure that there will be a next time and that it will be soon. They have not removed the sandbags from their apartment.

Thirty five years later  
and Arthur Kraus  
is still seeking vindication  
for the unusual crime  
of being  
a premature anti-Fascist

# IS THERE A STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS ON JUSTICE?

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

He came into my office at *Life Magazine* in 1948. As a congenital hater of the committee work that seems inseparable from causes, I tried to fend him off when he asked for two hours of my time. But there was something in the man's attitude, a hint of rueful humor in his anguish, that made me think that here was the classic case, a seeming victim of persecution mania who had really been persecuted.

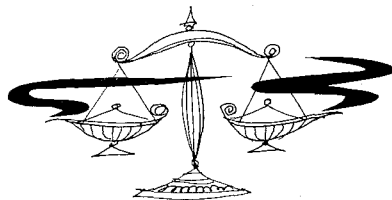
## 'Who Expects Justice?'

The man standing before me had, in effect, been victimized in the early Thirties for being a premature anti-Fascist. Since I had many friends who had been hurt for being prematurely anti-Communist, I would sympathize with his complaints about timing as related to crusades. A committee headed by Dr. John Dewey had found the College of the City of New York remiss in firing him in 1933; Dr. Albert Einstein had made an appeal for him by saying, "Listen to what he says; he speaks the truth"; Professor Wesley Mitchell, Columbia University economist, had praised his "indomitable perseverance." Plainly, here was a man who could move men, even though he might seem to be seeking justice on a self-serving basis.

What especially outraged me about the case of Dr. Arthur J. Kraus was not that he had been deprived of a teaching post which, although it still had a contractual period to run, did not carry permanent tenure. After all, such miscarriages of justice, if they are such, are not uncommon. I tried to tell Dr. Kraus that he was paying a stupid humanity too great a compliment in bothering to fight for justice to himself. As Rexford Tugwell had said in an appealing moment when his reputation was being smirched by political opponents, "Who expects justice?" But when Dr.

Kraus went into detail about what had been done to him, I felt as outraged as he did. For the sanctioning people who had plowed him under at City College had been Indian givers, which, in my book, put them with the lowest of the low among human animals.

In April of 1949 I chaired a fact-finding committee at Christian Herald House in New York City. Dr. Kraus' attorney of record was the well-known Nuremberg trial prosecutor, John Harlan Amen. Skilfully he put the Kraus story on the record. Dr. Kraus had been educated at the University of Cracow in Poland, the University of Berlin (where he got his doctorate), and the University of Chicago (where he published his book, *Sick Society*). He had later studied at Balliol College, Oxford. As a teacher at City College in 1932-1933 he talked against isolationism, arguing that it would only help the rise of Fascism in his native Poland as well as in Germany. Seeking a peaceful way of dramatizing his views, Dr. Kraus received the approval of President F. B. Robinson of City College to conduct a march of students from the College to Columbia University. But marches, in 1932, had not yet become the common coin of protest movements. When opposition to his



march developed, Dr. Kraus went on a hunger strike for eight days to rouse opposition to conditions in Poland. A sympathetic band of students responded by turning out, two thousand strong, to conduct their march in spite of the opposition.

Hunger strikes are not appreciated in the United States, and Dr. Kraus admittedly risked alienating his colleagues by his action. But the point, as J. H. Amen put in on the record, was that Professor Harry Overstreet, head of Dr. Kraus' Department of Philosophy, had expressed general approval of Dr. Kraus' behavior and hoped for his return to his classes at the earliest possible date. President Robinson, in a letter to Dr. Kraus, praised his activities and invited him to take up his teaching after the Christmas holidays.

## Strange Examiner

Then came the evidence of Indian giving. Changing his front, President Robinson suddenly asked Dr. Kraus to resign. Then, in another bewildering shift, the City College President permitted Dr. Kraus to resume his classes upon the express condition that he sign a dictated letter agreeing to a physical examination, presumably to see if the hunger strike had undermined his health to the point of impairing his ability to teach. Dr. Kraus signed the letter.

What followed behind locked doors should have provided the basis for a case in felonious assault. For the "examiner" who was called to look Dr. Kraus over was neither a doctor of medicine nor a qualified psychiatrist.

According to testimony as taken by J. H. Amen, during the course of the examination Dr. Kraus was struck forcibly over the heart five times from behind by the clenched fist of his examiner. He collapsed. The other four doctors present were passive onlookers. After his revival, no physical examination was made by any of the doctors other than a perfunctory testing of pulse and knee reflexes. Yet the word went out that Dr. Kraus was "mentally unsound." Ironically, President Robinson was to lose his

own job five years later for "lacking human qualities necessary to achieve the confidence of his faculty."

Dr. Kraus fired off telegrams to Mark Eisner, Chairman of the Board of Higher Education in New York City, and Charles H. Tuttle, Chairman of the City College Administrative Committee of the same board, protesting the "third degree" he had received. But the response of the City College authorities was to dismiss Dr. Kraus without a hearing, with no specification of reasons, and without a payment of salary for the rest of his contract. Since Dr. Kraus had not yet become an American citizen, his loss of a job left him in danger of deportation, and he was actually placed under arrest and held for a time on Ellis Island. And all this for attempting to call attention to the dangers of Fascism.

### Issue Not Clear: ACLU

Since J. H. Amen put the results of numerous subsequent psychiatric examinations of Dr. Kraus on the record, all of which testified to his lack of any trace of mental unsoundness, our 1949 fact-finding committee could only conclude that the City College authorities had struck out at



Dr. Kraus because he had embarrassed them.

Immediately following his dismissal from the College Dr. Kraus called on the American Civil Liberties Union

and made an issue of the alleged criminal assault upon his person by his supposed "psychiatric examiner." The ACLU, however, denied him an investigation. According to his testimony, the ACLU suggested instead a migration to the Soviet Union with its help. Dr. Kraus' answer to this was that he wanted no help from the Soviet Union. Later on the Civil Liberties Union announced that "no question of civil liberties or academic freedom was involved" in the Kraus case. When Professor John Dewey prodded the ACLU to reconsider, he was turned down. As a member of the Kraus Defense Committee of 1934, Professor Dewey reported that "having looked quite carefully into the case of Dr. Kraus and through the medium of an independent investigation, I write to say that, in my judgment, Dr. Kraus' summary dismissal from the City College of New York did him a marked injustice." Despite three appeals to the ACLU Dr. Kraus has been tormented by the perennial question, "Have you seen the American Civil Liberties Union?" He sees no logic in Roger Baldwin's statement for the ACLU that it is "not a case involving so clear an issue of Dr. Kraus' views and political activities as to enable us to take it up." The Teachers Union (now the United Federation of Teachers) followed the lead of the ACLU by denying any infringement of civil liberties and academic freedom. Curiously, the legal counsel for the ACLU was also the counsel for the Teachers Union. As this article is being written, the American Association of University Professors is still reviewing the case. The AAUP has had the case under review since the start, some thirty years ago.

Our 1949 fact-finding committee, which listened to the orderly testimony as evoked by John Harlan Amen, consisted of Professors J. C. Bennet, of Union Theological Seminary, H. W. Schneider of the Columbia University Department of Philosophy, Chairman W. Warner of the Department of Sociology at New York University, Chairman S. L. Hamilton of the Department of Religious Education at New York University, J. W. McKenna of the New York University School of Law, and such non-academicians as Clarence Hall, the Managing Editor of the *Christian Herald*,

Golda E. Bader of the Executive Board of the United Council of Church Women, and myself. We offered a full report, including the evidence on the felonious assault, but the New York Board of Higher Education was unmoved. Unfortunately the hearing was a closed one. To the question "Where is the press?" a spokesman for the *Christian Herald* said he did not invite the press because it would not have fully covered the hearing and would render the wrong impression to the public.

### Justice Deferred and Denied

Indeed, there seems to be an impalpable "statute of limitations" working against Dr. Kraus. Justice deferred does, in fact, become justice denied. Unable to get a teaching job, Dr. Kraus has supported himself in a variety of ways, working at the Ford Motor Company during the war, selling encyclopedias, and lecturing, sometimes for payment, sometimes for what faculty groups in foreign countries have been willing to collect for him. Since 1949 Dr. Kraus has been all over the world pursuing what, to date, has been a Quixotic attempt to get "world opinion" to force a reopening of his case by making it an international scandal. Lord Chorley, the British humanist, has called Kraus "the most wronged man of our times." Twelve Nobel Prize winners, a queen (Elisabeth of Belgium), and a score of academic, civic and church leaders from overseas recently signed an Open Letter to President Johnson asking an investigating committee. The 1966 Congress of International Humanist and Ethical Union, through its resolution on the Kraus case, has supported the Open Letter. But the Letter, after deposition at the U. S. Embassy in London, has been returned to Dr. Kraus by the U. S. State Department without comment.

Dr. Kraus is, of course, too old now to teach. But decency demands some amends. You don't slug a man behind locked doors, and refuse to pay him for contractual services, without causing a scandal that should reverberate after 35 years. I say this despite my own conviction that it is a waste of time to expect justice from Indian givers, a category which, sadly, includes all too many in our educational establishment.



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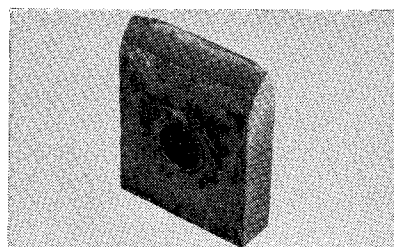
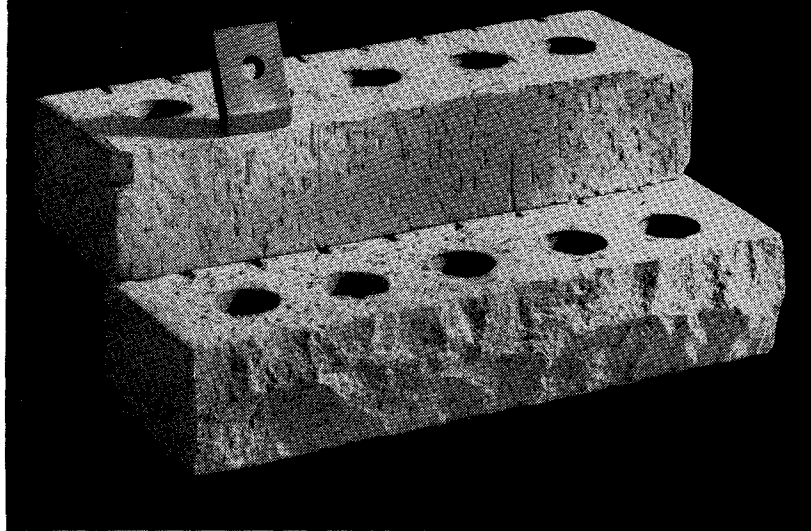
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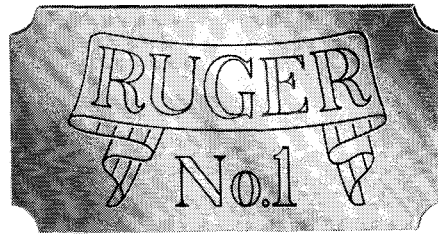
I. WHEN WAS IT? (2 points each; plus 2 points for each exact date): 3 (1667-72), 8 (1772-75), 11 (1825), 16 (1848), 6 (1861), 10 (1881), 2 (1891), 7 (1903), 13 (1905), 20 (1916), 18 (Feb.-Mar. 1917), 19 (Oct.-Nov. 1917), 15 (1918), 10 (Jan. 1919), 4 (March 1919), 17 (1921), 1 (1922), 14 (1928), 9 (1933), 12 (1934), 5 (1941), 4 (1948).

II. ODD ONE OUT (3 points each): 1—*Mary Worth* is a dangerous right-winger; rest are American card-carriers. 2—*Anastasia* (there were several of her) claimed to be the last surviving Romanov and was in any case hardly a Communist like the other three. 3—Unlike the others, *Freda Utley* got fed up with Communism early and has never had any use for Red China. 4—In *Hungary* a puppet Communist government was set up after World War II; the others were incorporated outright into the USSR. 5—*Moscow* has always been Moscow; Volgograd was Stalingrad was Tsaritsyn. 6—Of the 901 letters to the *New York Times* telling the truth about Red China that *Alfred Kohlberg* wrote, one (the 901st) was actually published! 7—*Kliment Voroshilov* was one of the few "Old Bolsheviks" to live through the 1930s. 8—*NEP* (New Economic Policy) was Lenin's crypto-capitalist cure for Russia's post-revolutionary ills; other three are various manifestations of the same old secret police. 9—The *Zimmermann Telegram*, unlike the others, has never been denounced by the Communists as a forgery—perhaps because nobody ever accused them of sending it. 10—*Anastas Mikoyan* has always used his own name; others are the real names of, *seriatim*, Lenin, Trotsky, Tito and Stalin. 11—In the Civil War of 1918-21, *Tukhachevsky* was a Red general and the other three were Whites. 12—All four fled to the West, but *Ashkenazy* redefected.

III. MIX AND MATCH (3 points each): 1 and G signed the Nazi-Soviet pact; 2 (1905) and J (1921) were scenes of sailors' uprisings against the tyranny of the moment; 3 began on N; 4 was coined by H (not K); 5 was killed by A; 6 was filmed by F; 7 and C are mass graves where lie the victims of, respectively, Bolshevism and Nazism; 8 broke out on I; 9 (independent farmers) were liquidated to make way for L (collective farms); 10 was the chief delight of B; 11 and M were the hatching-places of the Mao and Castro takeovers; 12 and D were the two wings into which the Socialist Revolutionary Party split; 13 was launched on E; 14 was the favorite retreat of K; 15's Cathedral, after the revolution, became O.

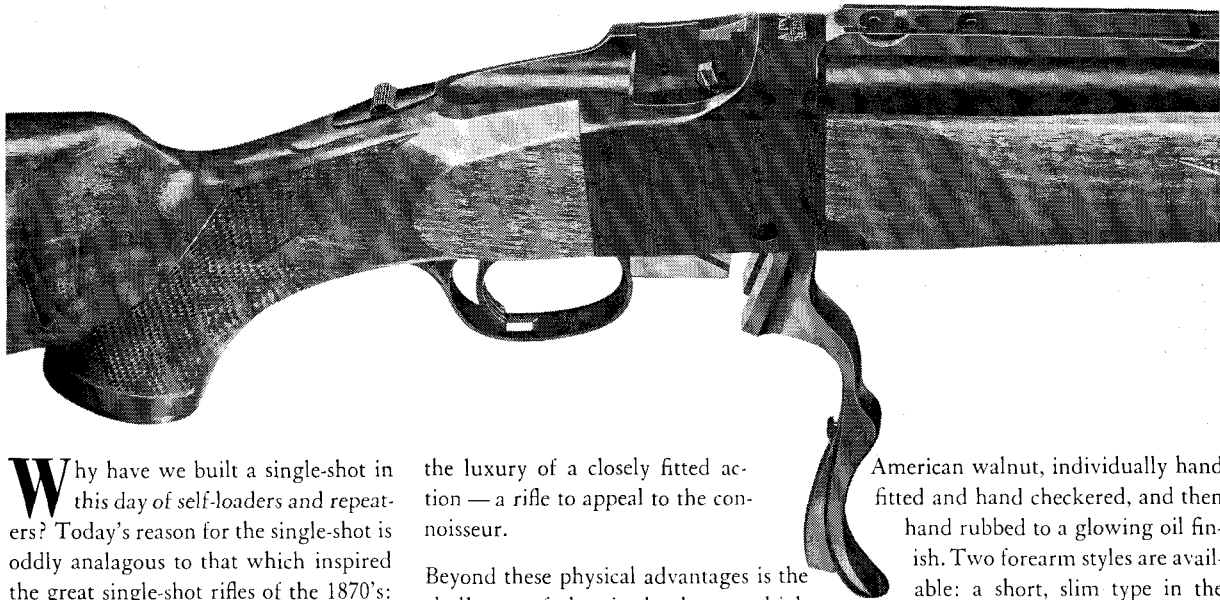
IV. TRUTH IS STRANGER (3 points each): 1—F (it merely means "council"). 2—F (Petrograd). 3—F (one billion). 4—T. 5—T. 6—F (by his own admission, the model was the BBC). 7—T. 8—T (they didn't think they'd be allowed to get away with building it). 9—F (in the words of the 1936 Constitution: "From each according to his ability, to each according to his work"). 10—F (perjury).

V. WHO SAID IT? (4 points each): 1—Alexander Kerensky, on taking power (he didn't stay long). 2—Lincoln Steffens, a myopia victim. 3—Jawaharlal Nehru. 4—Mao Tse-tung, but he won't admit it now. 5—Whittaker Chambers. 6—Che Guevara, on being appointed director of the Bank of Cuba. 7—William Z. Foster, in *Toward Soviet America* (1932). 8—Radio Free Petofi, Hungary, Nov. 1956. 9—Nikita S. Khrushchev, *Pravda*, Jan. 31, 1937. 10—Marx and Engels, *Communist Manifesto*. 11—V. I. Lenin. 12—Adlai Stevenson, at the San Francisco Conference in 1945. 13—George Orwell, in 1984. 14—James Burnham (1950). 15—Proudhon.



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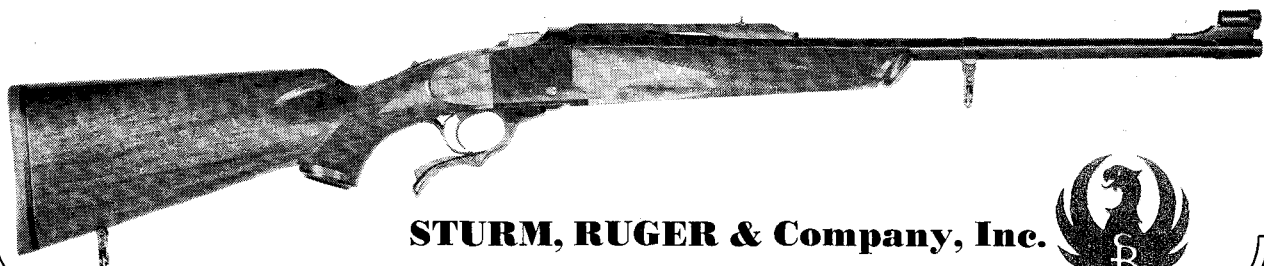
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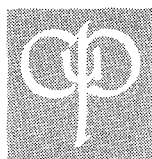
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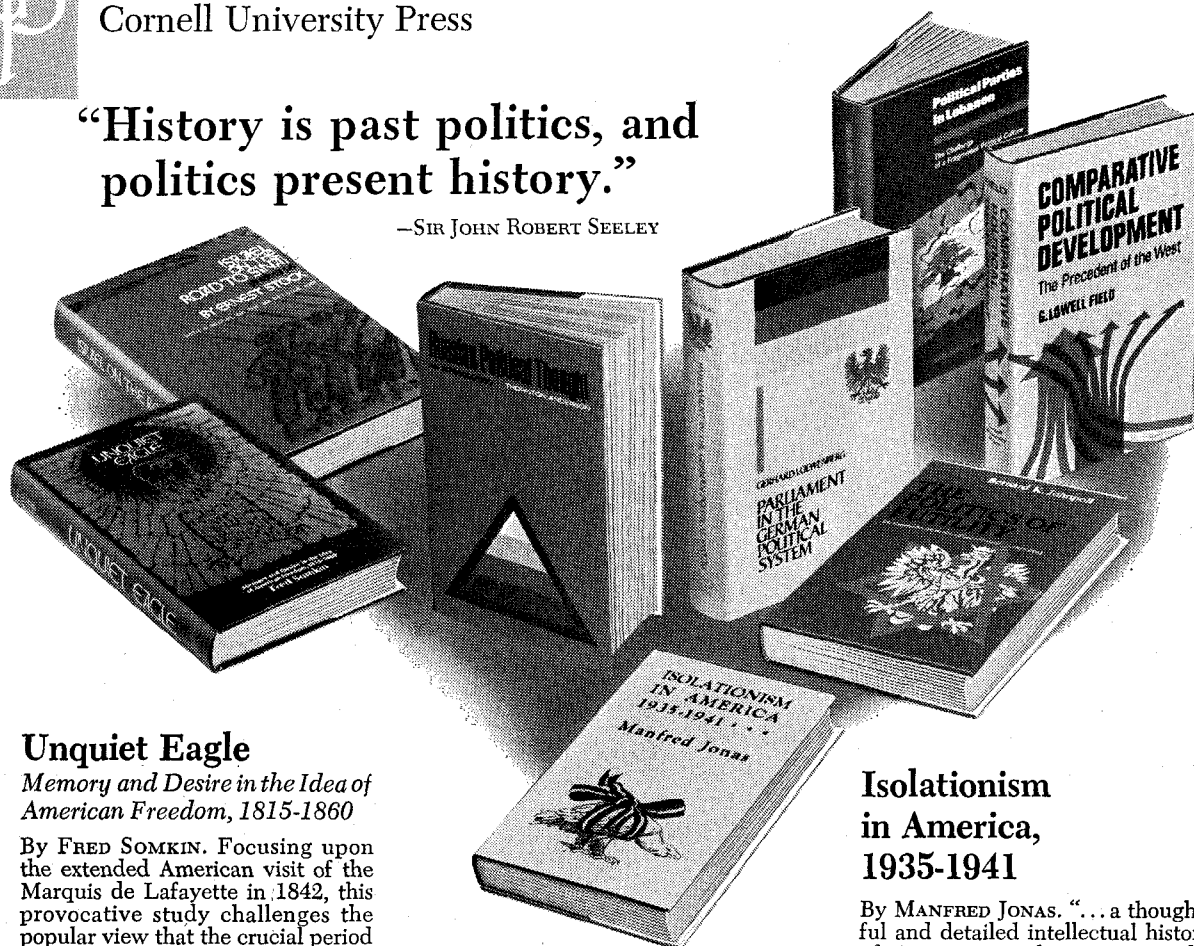




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Four months to New Hampshire  
and to the showdowns  
of a Presidential spring.  
Richard M. Nixon,  
an old pro,  
is itching for the fight.

## CRISIS SEVEN

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Midnight on 73rd Street, Manhattan: It was late summer, 1967, a balmy night, the wind four knots, the barometer rising. Dick Nixon stood on the sidewalk, saying goodnight to his dinner companions. It had been a memorable dinner—good food, candid conversation, a free give and take on the great issues of our time. Now he stood at ease, perfectly tailored, his face a dark moon of contentment. A chauffeur was waiting, but Nixon dismissed him. "Too pretty a night," he said. "I'll walk, it's only a few blocks." And he swung off toward Fifth Avenue. Passing a streetlight, his solid figure left a long shadow behind.

Old Nixon watchers long ago grew accustomed to snickers about the new, new, *new* Nixon. The hoots and sneers were intended to depict a man who changed his views with his shirts; like much of the criticism directed at the former Vice President, the charges had a shaky foundation. Nixon has been remarkably consistent in his views and in his gung-ho vitality. But on this night a couple of months ago, talking with Nixon, an observer was struck by a sudden sense of metamorphosis.

The mind's eye turned back in little filmstrips. August of 1948, the Hiss hearings, and Nixon a rookie congressman from California. He was thirty-five then, intense, uncertain, impatient, a worrier. Karl Mundt, sitting next to him in the rococo Ways and Means Committee room, was a placid bulldog, Nixon a fidgety terrier sniffing on the trail. Old John Rankin was serving on the Un-American Activities Committee then. Nixon seemed a boy beside him.

September 1952, Los Angeles, the El Capitan theater in Hollywood, 6:30 in the evening. He came on the television screens with the deadly earnestness of a high school debater in the final rounds of a national

tournament. The painful details of his private life unfolded with the bell-like authority of a man who writes his own checks and *knows* the balance on his mortgage. "I should say this, that Pat doesn't have a mink coat. But she does have a respectable Republican cloth coat, and I always tell her that she would look good in anything." Sophisticated reporters clutched their throats and rolled their eyes. This was corn; and this was Nixon, 1952.

He was then thirty-nine; he is now fifty-four. Most men, to be sure, tend to mature and settle down in that span of time. In Nixon, the process of change has been dramatic. Checkers, the black cocker spaniel, died two years ago. Nixon walks daughter Julie's poodle now. He could no more drag that poodle into a campaign than he could stand up and yodel. The bright boy from Whittier stands easily on 73rd Street, world traveler, Wall Street lawyer, candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Five years ago, in a revealing autobiography, he described the "six crises" of his public life. Next spring he faces the seventh.

### II

Nixon goes into this campaign with a balance sheet far more complicated than the ledgers of his chief opponents. Ronald Reagan has a long list of attractive assets, offset by inexperience and by an actor's background. George Romney, businessman, successful governor, has chiefly to contend with memories of his defection in 1964 and with his own remarkable gifts for obfuscation. Nelson Rockefeller's net worth stands politically about where it stood three years ago. Chuck Percy has yet to fill in the blanks.

It is different in Nixon's case. Of all the prospective Republican nom-

inees, he alone enters the battle with a solid record of experience on the federal stage: Congressman, Senator, Vice President. Romney, visiting Washington, has to ask the names of the buildings. Reagan, though he comes on fast, would not know half the chairmen of Senate committees by name. Rockefeller is no novice in foreign affairs, of course, but Nixon has traveled more, seen more, and thought more deeply on foreign policy than all his opponents combined. Nixon's age is right; his family is right; his personal life is impeccable. His views on domestic affairs are vintage Eisenhower, decanted and rebottled. He is an excellent, if unexciting, public speaker. He comes equipped with a self-deprecating sense of humor and a self-confidence that has gained with his income. Of such stuff winners are made.

And yet, and yet. . . The liabilities are formidable, too. As Nick Timmesch observed last spring, in the *Herald Tribune*, it is Nixon, *but*: I like Nixon, *but* he can't win. I'd go with Nixon, *but* we need a new face. So far as experience goes, no one can touch Nixon, *but* I just can't seem to trust him. The old label clings like an outworn bumper sticker: Tricky Dick. Only seven years have passed since his race against John Kennedy, but these are dog years in a voter's feeble recollection. Nixon lost the 1960 race by the flicker of an eyelash; a change of half a vote per precinct would have reversed the outcome. All that is remembered today is that he lost. And then he lost again in 1962, to Pat Brown of all people, when he ran for governor of California. The tag is plastered invisibly on his back: two-time loser. In the hot light of a political campaign, it gives a phosphorescent glow.

Nixon does not discount these liabilities. He talks of them with the

detached interest of a baseball fan appraising his club: good field, no hit. He sees himself critically, as a man studies his mirror image for blackheads and ingrown whiskers. His purpose is to acknowledge the defects, and to do what he can about them.

"All right. They still call me 'Tricky Dick.' It's a brutal thing to fight. If anyone takes the time to check my public record fairly—and it's all there, the votes I cast, the speeches I made, the things I wrote—he'd have to conclude that on the great issues of the past twenty years, my record is clear and consistent. Look at my record on civil rights; and then look at Lyndon's. But I've been in this game long enough now to know that few voters have the time or inclination to study a record. The carefully cultivated impression is that Nixon is devious. I can overcome this impression in one way only: by absolute candor."

Nixon is well embarked upon this effort. He has no hesitancy in answering questions about his income (in the neighborhood of \$200,000), his holdings in the market (insignificant), or the time he spends in the actual practice of law (maybe 5 per cent of his day). As the campaign gets under way, he expects to seek opportunities for question-and-answer sessions. He is at his best in spontaneous response, he believes, and he looks forward to creating an impression of such honesty, directness and specificity that the "Tricky Dick" label at last will fade away.

A larger liability is the tag of "two-time loser."

"Right. I lost in 1960. I lost again in 1962. No one is much interested in post-mortems. I'm not, though I'll talk about those elections if you like. The party's object is to nominate a winner next year. If I can't establish in these miserable primaries that I *am* a winner, I'm out of it. There won't be any 'brokered' or 'negotiated' nomination for me. I wouldn't deserve the nomination. But the other side of that proposition is this: If I do win in the primaries—win decisively—I'll win the nomination."

What did he mean, these "miserable primaries"?

Nixon's methodical mind falls instinctively into one-two-three patterns. He bends his fingers down:

"First, their importance in the total picture—the national picture—invariably is overblown. Everybody recognizes this, but there's nothing to be done about it. Second, they cost an enormous amount of money, which might be spent to much better advantage in the main campaign. Third, they tend to wear out the strength that a candidate should be conserving. Of course, there's a plus side. The primaries give you time to test your own organization. And in my own case, they're vital to me. I have to establish a record as an aggressive campaigner that will make the doubters say, 'He's better than we thought.'"

### Nixon Lacks Political Base

Nixon has to contend with a couple of additional liabilities. In the eyes of a good many persons, regrettably, he just doesn't look like a President. He stands five feet eleven, but seems shorter; he fights the battle of the waistline with fruit salads for lunch every day. His duckpin face, as he himself knows well, is the cartoonist's dream—the ski-jump nose, the bushy brows, the close brown eyes. His saturnine jowls puff out where decent jowls curve in. The effect is of zucchini squash left too long on the vine. Nixon pummels that 5 o'clock shadow all day long. It used to worry him; it doesn't any more. He figures, philosophically, that he is as God made him. And an observer reflects, looking ahead to next November, that old Basset Ears is no particular beauty either. But in a nation obsessed by the packaging arts, Richard Nixon's pug image is not his most notable asset.

Far more serious is his lack of a political base. Anywhere but New York, this might be fatal. He has been polite to Jacob Javits, and certainly he has tried to avoid offending district Republican leaders. But title to New York's convention delegation remains vested in Nelson Rockefeller. An anecdote from *Six Crises* bears on the matter. Not long after his return from Caracas, and the dangerous and dramatic events of that state visit, Nixon hit the campaign trail in an effort to help Republican candidates for Congress in the 1958 election. He crisscrossed the nation, exhausting himself. It was Pearl Harbor. John

Bricker went down in Ohio. The Democrats swept California. The GOP lost twelve seats in the Senate, 48 in the House. It was the worst defeat in history, Nixon recalls, ever suffered by a party having control of the White House. The passage from his book continues:

The only bright spots were Nelson Rockefeller's landslide victory in New York, the election of Mark Hatfield as Governor of Oregon and Chris del Sesto as Governor of Rhode Island, and the decisive re-election of Senator Barry Goldwater in Arizona.

One television commentator that night summed up the election results with this statement: "The big winner in this election is Nelson Rockefeller. The big loser—Richard Nixon." A few days later, on November 9, Governor-elect Rockefeller flew south for a vacation on his estate in Venezuela. When he landed at Maiquetia Airport in Caracas where I had been just six months before, reporters asked him, "What about Nixon?" He replied, according to press reports, "*No tengo nada que ver con Nixon*," which means "I have nothing to do with Nixon."

Just six months before, following the San Marcos University episode in Lima, I had received a cable from Nelson Rockefeller which read, "Your courage and determination have inspired democratic forces throughout the hemisphere. We all feel a great sense of pride in your action. Congratulations. Nelson."

The two contenders are still on a Dick-and-Nelson basis, of course, and not even the memory of Nixon's famous flight to Manhattan in the midst of the pre-convention maneuvering of 1960 is permitted to mar the outward manifestations of cordiality. The "Treaty of Fifth Avenue" is ancient history now. Nixon is keenly aware, as he has written, that "Republicans have an almost cannibalistic urge to destroy and consume one another whenever they happen to disagree." It is a novel and uncomfortable business for any Presidential candidate to head toward his party's convention, traveling by his own lonesome train while his home state's delegation travels a different route; but New York's 92 votes in the convention are not ultimately decisive. Nixon will play this situation as best he can.

Two other liabilities—one immediate, the other potential—merit at least a passing word. These are the intellectuals' positive antipathy toward Richard Nixon, and the public's waning enthusiasm for the war in Viet-

nam. Neither prospect ought to be underestimated.

Of the intellectuals' hostility, there can be no doubt. In the leftist demonology, Dick Nixon wears the largest horns. He is the man who convicted Alger; he is the man who said those nasty things of Helen; he is the man who dast to criticize Adlai. He is—oh!—that implacable anti-Communist. The editors of the *New Republic* summed it up a few weeks ago in a cover editorial demanding the cultivation of a peace Democrat to challenge Lyndon Johnson in the Democratic convention. These gentlemen had no one exactly in mind—Bobby Kennedy, the obvious choice, was exhibiting ambivalence; General Gavin might do, if only he could be tailored for a Democratic uniform. No one else—Clark, Morse, Fulbright—seemed exactly right. But it was imperative that a peace challenger be found in Democratic ranks, for the Republican prospect offered nothing: Rocky was an enigma, Percy a blank, Romney a mystery, Reagan too utterly utterly, and well—Nixon was Nixon:

Mr. Nixon is Mr. Nixon. In what was billed by his aides as "the first of a number of major speeches which [he] will be giving in the wake of his extensive foreign travels," the former Vice President said on September 12 that "we are fighting in Vietnam for the same reason we fought in World War I and World War II and Korea; because our vital national interest is at stake." He is hopeless.

If it were only the *New Republic* that salivated so copiously, one might dismiss the proposition. Nixon dismisses it. He shrugs: "I know I'm weakest on the liberal side. You can't win 'em all. I have no thought of trying." The situation is slightly more ominous.

While Nixon's relations with the working press have immensely improved, he still must combat not only the articulate animosity of the college professors as a group, but also the invisible antipathy of the key people in network television and magazine publishing. The leftist professors may not be much of a problem. They are drips who trickle down, but their trickle is far less effective than many of them surmise. They talk mostly to one another, and their political influence—in terms of



a general election in which 73 million persons will vote—is something less than overwhelming.

But it has not needed a Dr. McLuhan to tell conservatives that the television medium is in truth the massage. I am thinking here, to name names, of such pundits as Huntley, Brinkley, Cronkite, and Seavereid. There are others. They find their way, in campaign season, into an awesome fifty million living rooms a night. It is not necessary to question their motives or to challenge their objectivity; it is necessary only to reflect that these gentlemen, like justices of the Supreme Court, are mortal human beings. They put on their pants as other men do, one leg at a time. Nixon can expect from them a distilled objectivity, bland and tasteless and perfectly pure; he also can expect the inflection that defies written translation, the vanishing eyebrow, the communicable curl of the lip.

Still more: So long as he flies with the hawks, Nixon can expect the whips and slings of the *Washington Post* and the arrows of the cold gray *Times*. Most of the intellectual establishment will treat him as toadstool in the groves of academe. As *New Republic* says, vis-à-vis Vietnam, he is "hopeless."

### He Would Redouble Bombing

And speaking pragmatically, what of this question of Vietnam? Nixon is no Pinwheel George. His views on certain domestic issues may await clarification and amplification, but on Vietnam he has never wavered. Nixon wants to pour on the pressure by every means short of 1) invasion of North Vietnam, and 2) the use of atomic weapons. He would not halt the bombing; he would redouble the bombing. He would not trifle around with the port of Haiphong; he would interdict it, close it, block it, mine it. In his view, gradual escalation has been the worst of all strategies, for it has permitted the enemy gradually to escalate his defenses, too. Subject to the two foregoing exceptions (and one gleans an impression that these may not remain forever exceptions in Nixon's thinking), the object must be to increase the allied offensive in every conceivable way—sharply, immediately, relentlessly.

Nixon's thinking on this vital issue is a product at once of his travels, his speculations, and his love of history. At first hand he has come to understand the one aspect of an Asiatic war that eludes so many Americans: It is the patience, the timelessness, the interminably long view, of the Oriental leadership. If America is to win this wretched war, and thus protect her tactical and commercial interests in a free Asia, Americans must be patient also.

Granted, a policy of swift escalation carries awful risks with it; but these risks are infinitely less, in Nixon's judgment, than the risks involved in letting the war drag on another year or two. Probably by 1970, certainly by 1975, the Red Chinese will have both a deliverable hydrogen bomb and the means with which to deliver it. What then, Dr. Spock? Nixon's absolute conviction is that the war in Vietnam must be brought to an honorable and satisfactory conclusion long before the Red Chinese are so equipped. He sees nothing to persuade him that a cessation of bombing—or any other gesture of appeasement—would bring the Hanoi regime to a bargaining table. On the contrary, he conceives that every indication of softness on the part of the United States—every evidence of division at home, of indecision, of doubt, of impatience, of opposition at high levels—is received with glee in Hanoi. So Nixon would abruptly run up the pace of the war; and meanwhile, he would mount against Soviet Russia an economic offensive just short of canceled diplomatic relations.

Nixon is gambling all his chips on this point of view. It is a formidable gamble. In recent weeks various polls have shown a significant drop in public support for the war in general. In the nature of things, the polls can test only a visceral reaction, but the lamentable truth is that more persons vote with their adrenal glands than with their heads. The polls reflect no more than the impressions many observers were receiving through the seat of the pants: The people are indeed sick of the casualties, the cost, the frustration of Vietnam. How popular will Nixon's view be, in urging the people to boost their commitment?

In taking this unequivocal line,

Nixon will be opposing an increasing body of opinion in his own party. On October 2, for example, Kentucky's Thruston Morton completed a turn-about. In a major Senate address, he demanded that Republicans offer some alternative other than "bombing and more bombing." No Republican hawk, said Morton, can win the Presidency. And he told associates he hoped to persuade Nixon to his point of view. It will take some tall persuading.

For Nixon sees no in-between course in Vietnam. In his eyes—and he bends the fingers down—the alternatives are 1) to get out, and 2) to win. The first he dismisses absolutely. Unconditional withdrawal would represent a humiliating defeat for the United States, a loss of face without parallel in Asia. Western influence, in that moment, would be lost in the whole of the Pacific area. In a world approaching four billion human beings—three-fourths of them yellow, brown, or black—the U.S. cannot afford to abandon the one cause that symbolizes political and economic freedom in Southeast Asia. The war in Vietnam must be *won*. Here Nixon is willing to haggle over definitions; he agrees that "winning" may take a variety of forms; he comprehends the internal struggles within Vietnam; he hopes not to leave an impression of inflexible intransigence. Nevertheless, there he flies, beaked and taloned, well out in front of his party. By spring, he may be out in front of the people, too.

Meanwhile, in totting up the balance sheet, Nixon treats the intellectuals' hostility as an unavoidable debit. He is equally philosophical on the matter of Vietnam. Either he can persuade the voters by the cogency of his argument, or he can't persuade them. His position, at the moment, is neither asset nor liability; he will learn in time. The immediate object is simply to win the Republican nomination. Matters of high policy to one side, it is the loser's reputation, in Nixon's own appraisal of his prospects, that weighs most heavily in the scales. He refuses to brood about it. "Politics is full of stories of men who have first lost and then won. Cleveland, for instance." He grins his strobe-light grin: "And sure, it's full of stories of men who lost and kept on losing—but I don't

think I look much like William Jennings Bryan."

But it is unfair to dwell at such length upon the liabilities of Richard Nixon without putting some emphasis on his political assets. These are formidable. If you were to pack them into a single phrase, it would be this: *Nixon is the pro.*

### Nixon is the Pro

I have now been staring at this sheet of paper in the Underwood for quite some time, groping for words to explain just what I mean. It is not merely that Nixon, alone among the prominent Republican possibilities, has had experience at federal level. This is important. You have to live for a while in Washington to catch some terrible comprehension of the bulk and complexity of the federal machine. It overwhelms. Nixon has been Congressman, Senator, Vice President. In ways that Reagan, Romney, Rockefeller, Percy, Scranton, Rhodes, Kirk, could not possibly have known, Nixon has known this monster, studied its anatomy, grappled with its infinite tentacles. Nixon's whole experience in public office has been *national* experience. It is like being shot over, if you are a hound-

dog. It is like being blooded. Nothing compares with it.

Yet in a very real sense, this is not the greatest asset that Nixon brings to the coming campaign. It is hard to explicate these things without giving offense to the many amateurs in Republican politics. God knows the party would be lost without them—the businessmen who give generously to party treasuries, the housewives who lick occasional stamps, the big wheels who come to life every four years. The blunt truth of the matter is that the delicate machinery of party politics is held together, in season and out, by men who are first of all *party* men. In the end—and the identical thing could be said of the brothers of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, the Royal Order of Moose, the Fraternal Brotherhood of Police, the NAM and the DAR—in the end, it must always be the organization men, the *party* men, who keep the machinery going. The political structure cannot work in any other way. There have to be people, in season and out, good years and bad, win a few, lose a few, doing the grub work, the dirty work, the sweaty work. Then the pretty housewives can come carpooling in from the suburbs, trilling at the girlish excitement of it all, and take off their white gloves,

and do their indispensable tasks. The other has to come first.

Nixon is the pro. Among Republican contenders, he is the only such pro. One turns the filmstrip back:

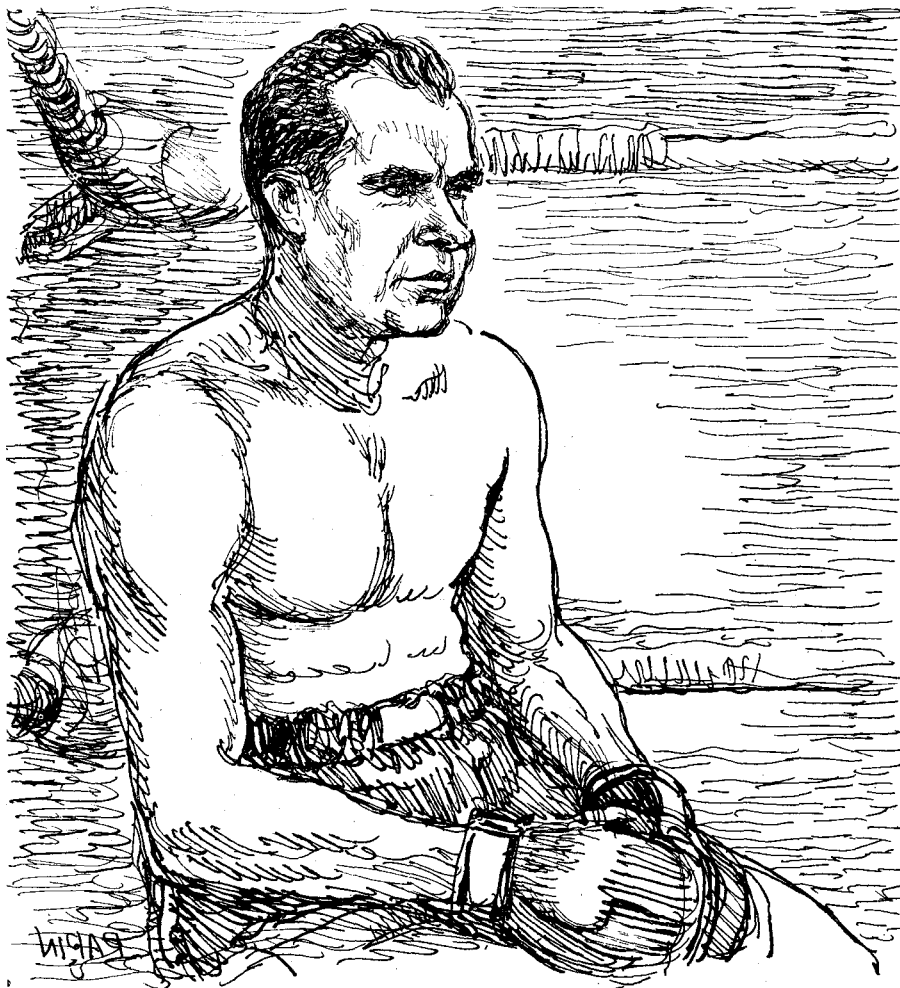
Wednesday, September 21, 1966. Reagan, Romney, and Rockefeller all were running for governorships. This was early in the campaign period. Reagan, perhaps, may stand excused. He was the least experienced of the three; as it turned out, he would win by nearly 58 per cent of the vote, but this could not be foreseen at the time. Romney and Rockefeller were shoosins: Romney would swamp Ferency in Michigan by half a million votes, Rockefeller would take O'Connor by nearly 400,000. On this Wednesday night, with the general election almost seven weeks away, Romney was in Lansing, Rockefeller in Albany.

Nixon was in Sheboygan.

Some of the reporters who covered Nixon a year ago retain vivid memories of the old pro in action. He had flown to Milwaukee on the night of Tuesday the 20th, flying by commercial airline, and he had arrived at something after midnight. No greeting party. Nobody. And he had gone to the Red Carpet Inn, which was nothing especially special.

Wednesday, September 21: Nixon





was up at 6 o'clock, after four hours' sleep. There was a press conference at 9 o'clock, with Governor Warren P. Knowles on hand. "This great governor," cried Nixon. *And he meant it.* (Knowles would win by 88,000 votes over Democrat Pat Lucey.) At 10 o'clock the party flew to Racine in a two-engined job. There was a press conference and a speech. Republican Henry C. Schadeberg was running for Congress in the First District. He would win by barely 2,600 votes in 127,000 cast. "This man of God," cried Nixon, "this man of experience in the House!" The plane went on to Janesville. A band was out. The plane went on to Sheboygan. It was 6 o'clock, the Executive Inn, dinner in the room, staff talk; Schadeberg looks good; what about Bill Steiger? God, what about Bill Steiger? The thunder came rolling up, the heavens opened; it poured. Nixon was off through the driving rain in a motorcade to a packed auditorium. He was joking about Steiger's youth—he was twenty-eight—but Nixon was serious, too. "We need him!" he cried. "We need young men!" (Steiger would win by 6,200

votes.) And back to the motel at midnight to talk with Pat Buchanan about tomorrow's speeches.

Thursday, September 22: Sheboygan, the Executive Inn, and Buchanan up at 5 o'clock to telephone New York for a summary reading of the morning's news. Nixon was packed and ready to go at 6:50, after four hours' sleep. Off in a chartered Convair to Minot, N.D., over the flat and desolate country, the plane bouncing, a reporter violently sick; breakfast aboard; papers aboard; statements to draft. So it was North Dakota, and the Republican candidates were Mark Andrews and Tom Kleppe for the House, and don't forget that distinguished member of the Senate, Milton Young . . . The Ramada Inn. A press conference. The room too small. The TV cameras wouldn't fit, the working reporters furious. By car to an auditorium, the place jammed. A box lunch. Five thousand, six thousand. Then to the airport. It was 1:50 P.M., more or less, and Nixon trapped in shaking hands.

Boe for Governor, Reifel in the First, Berry in the Second. Or was

that South Dakota? One forgets. The great candidates, the great party; and off to Casper, Nixon and Buchanan in the front seats on the right, working over yellow tablets, blocking in some clap-lines, applause lines, lines to give a man a chance to catch his breath. Sunshine in Casper, the sky a cobalt blue, snow on distant mountains, 3 o'clock local time, the Ramada Inn, Nixon napping, press conference at 4:45, to the TV studio at 5:15, a long drive; but Republicans Hathaway and Hansen and Harrison were there, and all of them would win, but close for Hansen in the Senate race, this great governor, this experienced rancher, this outstanding Republican; and in the evening, at the fairgrounds, a sudden shower, as suddenly the stars, a stir-'em-up speech; to bed at 1 o'clock.

Friday, September the whatever, the 23rd? Casper. Up at 5:30, bags packed and in the halls, and Pat Buchanan laconically on the phone to New York, so what's news? Okay, okay, and right, and okay; and so aboard the plane and off to Bartlesville, and Nixon doing his homework in the front. In at 11:30, and off at once to the *Bartlesville Examiner-Enterprise*; Nixon clean-shaven, smiling, meeting with the local Republican folks. Tired? Not Nixon. He was happy to be back in the Second District of Oklahoma, plumping for Denzil D. Garrison for the House. It's time for a change, Nixon was saying. (But Ed Edmondson, the Democrat, would go on to win re-election by 8,400 votes.) Sandwiches, loudspeakers, pretty girls, and back to the airport; so to Omaha at 2:10 in the afternoon, Nixon working on the yellow tablet, worrying over farm policy. A crowd at the airport, and Nixon waving—waving for Norbert Tiemann and Carl Curtis, Bob Denney, Glenn Cunningham, Dave Martin; the Sheraton-Fontanelle, a dreadful hotel, the telephones archaic, nothing right; a 5 o'clock press conference in the ballroom; dinner in the room; a motorcade to the civic auditorium; speech; applause, hands to shake, people to see, to bed at midnight. . . .

Saturday, September 24: Omaha, that hotel; 7 o'clock, a grey dawn, smelling of summer dead and autumn still unborn; the bags packed, Buchanan on the move, coffee too hot to drink, a mouth of stale cigarettes, yawns. Nixon is off to Council Bluffs,

a long drive, and the press trailing sleepily behind. An Elks Club for breakfast. Lake Manawa? Can that be right? Nixon at his best, happy, grinning, cracking jokes. "What are we gonna do for Bill Scherle? Elect him, that's what!" (Scherle would win by nearly 20,000 votes.) "But don't shake hands with him just now!" (Scherle had his broken hand in a cast.) A plug for William Murray, Republican candidate for governor; a plug for Jack Miller, running for re-election to the Senate; a plug for Schwengel in the First, Johnson in the Second; the veteran H. R. Gross in the Third; John Kyl in the Fourth . . . Nixon rang the changes.

### Could Nixon Beat LBJ?

Back to Omaha, the airport, a change in the time zone, off to Sioux City, noon or thereabouts, a mass of humanity at the airport, and Nixon smiling-smiling for Tiemann again, and for Curtis, Denney, Cunningham, Martin; and back to the airport, to Cedar Rapids at 3:30, the Holiday Inn. It looks bad for Bob Johnson in the Second, but give him all you've got. Four fresh-scrubbed members of Young Americans for Freedom turn up, autographs, handshakes; they wear hats with "Nixon for President" on the brim. So to Ottumwa at 6:25, a press conference, and rain, rain, the pants cuffs wilting; sandwiches for dinner. To Osceola, the Travelers Motel, a speech at Penn College, 9 o'clock. The feet hurt. To the airport. Midnight, the night shift mechanics: "Howdy, Mr. Nixon!" And back at last to New York.

This was par. This was Nixon's brutal, daily regimen, throughout that 1966 campaign. He lived on hamburgers, canned soup, milkshakes, box lunches, banquet cardboard, soggy pie. *He was the party man.* This was the Nixon who fought for Goldwater, all the way, in 1964, while George Achilles sulked in his tent and Nelson the Rock was otherwise engaged. This was Nixon in 1966, sweating it out for the GOP, the hard way, the exhausting way, giving party candidates everything he had.

And to return to the point of beginning, so far as this approaching nomination is concerned, Nixon will head for Miami with a flock of due-bills in his pocket. Conventions are

not run by amateurs. In the end, they are run by the pros. However lonesome Nixon may be in New York, he will have friends around him when the gavel falls down South next summer.

What lies beyond the nomination? Assuming, for the moment, that Nixon sweeps the primaries and rides to acclamation on a wave of glory at Miami: What then? Could he lick Johnson in November? I put the question lightly, over an after-dinner cigar, expecting an evasive and good-natured response. Nixon was dead serious.

"This won't be like 1960," he said. "Everything will be reversed. I was in the position, in 1960, of defending a goal line. Kennedy had the offensive role. He could attack; I could only counter. This time the Republicans will have the ball, and we'll have an eight-year record to shoot at. It's a hell of a vulnerable record, too. If we can't score, something's awful wrong with us."

I pressed him: "And you yourself want to carry the ball?"

"Yes."

"You really want to be President of the United States?"

"Yes. Someone is going to hold that office from 1969 to 1973. I've spent my life equipping myself for this responsibility. I think I have something to offer my country in ideas and leadership. And I want to try."

### III

So much has been written of Nixon's political nonage that it would be pointless to add much here by way of review. He was born Richard Milhous Nixon, the second of five sons, on January 9, 1913, in Yorba Linda, California. This is citrus country—or it was; it is mostly caught up in the San Diego megalopolis now. Fifty years ago, the orchards and truck farms stretched for miles, neat and orderly, smelling of earth and blossoms. Some of Nixon's earliest recollections are of boyhood life on a lemon farm. In 1922 his family moved to Whittier, where the nine-year-old soon was immersed in the Los Angeles milieu. His father was then running a combination grocery store and filling station.

Two aspects of his upbringing have particular significance: faith, and

work. The Nixons were a Quaker household; they lived the Quaker life by Quaker rules. In the minds of most persons, the Quaker faith is equated solely with pacifism, and it is thought to be a soft sort of thing. Almost the opposite is true. The church demands of its adherents not only simplicity but strength of character also. The homespun dress conceals a spine of steel. In the adult Nixon, the lessons of childhood have produced a dedication to peace—and a relentless will to fight for it.

All the family worked, six days a week. It seldom occurred to Nixon, as a boy, that there was any other way of life. The family was not poor, but pennies and nickels counted. Nixon worked in the store. So did his mother, who died only a few weeks ago at eighty-two. Nixon worked his way through Whittier College, where he was graduated with honors—second in his class—in 1934. He went on to Duke Law School, husbanding his meager funds through the worst of the Depression, and graduated, again with honors, in 1937. Then back to Whittier to practice law.

Nixon is not alone among major political figures, of course, in a remembrance of parlous times past. Ronald Reagan and George Wallace came from humble backgrounds also. Lyndon Johnson, long before he became a multi-millionaire, was a poor Texas schoolteacher. It may be that Nixon's experience has not affected him differently. In terms of a political philosophy, however, the old lessons have contemporary meaning.

Nixon has made it to six figures now, but he retains a horror of excessive debt. His thinking on questions of public welfare is deeply affected by his active distaste for idleness. Deliberate indolence puzzles him; given a choice between enjoyable work and enjoyable play, Nixon will elect the work every time. He has played one round of golf in the past six months. He exercises dutifully for a few minutes every morning as a reluctant pupil conjugates a verb, hating every moment of it. The fear of being poor, which haunted him through his first term in the Congress, is just about banished from his mind. He knows, abstractly, that he will never be poor again. Even so, his ethical values in this

field stem from a simple faith in hard and honest work. If he makes it to the White House, these values almost certainly would be reflected in his policies on social welfare.

### Hiss Case Hostility Persists

Nixon practiced law in Whittier for five years, from 1937 to late in 1941. Then he moved to Washington, in the months immediately after Pearl Harbor, as an attorney in the tire rationing section of the Office of Price Administration. He was married now, to the high-school teacher, Thelma Patricia Ryan, whom he had met in 1939 when trying out for an amateur play. They observed their 27th anniversary this past June. As a Quaker, Nixon might have elected to seek deferral as a conscientious objector. Instead, he applied for a commission in the Navy. It came through in August 1942, and he spent three and a half years, most of them in the Pacific, as an aviation ground officer. He was discharged with the rank of lieutenant commander in January 1946.

Nixon was in Baltimore, winding up his naval affairs, when a telephone call came from Herman Perry, a California banker active in Republican politics. Jerry Voorhis, a liberal Democrat, had been representing the 12th District for ten years; at forty-five he threatened to hold the seat forever. Perry, also a Quaker and an old family friend, wanted Nixon to take him on. It was the opportunity the thirty-three-year-old Nixon had been waiting for. He cleared his decision with Pat, flew back to California, accepted the nomination, and began ripping into Voorhis as a man soft on Communism and amenable to the labor bosses. Nixon won by about 15,600 votes in a hard race. In January of 1947 he and Pat moved to Washington.

If it had not been for the Hiss case, Nixon's first term in the House would have passed unnoticed. He racked up a record that held promise of the basic positions he would take from that time on: an internationalist abroad, a moderate conservative at home. He voted in favor of Greek-Turkish aid, he voted to authorize \$597 million in emergency aid to Austria, China, France and Italy. He voted in 1948 for the European re-

covery program. In each case, he left the majority of his party to take an affirmative stand. He voted for the Taft-Hartley Act, and voted for it again in overriding the Truman veto. He drafted a tough Communist registration bill, and later voted for the basic Subversive Activities Control Act that incorporated many of the provisions he had urged.

But it was the Hiss case that made Nixon's reputation, won him re-election by a landslide and boosted him into the bitter campaign against Helen Gahagan Douglas for the Senate two years later. In retrospect, it is all the more remarkable that Nixon should have taken such command of the Hiss investigation. Nixon was the freshest of freshmen in the 80th Congress. It is a working rule of thumb in Washington that no form of life is lower than a rookie member of the House. Such inferior creatures constantly are confused with doorkeepers, visiting correspondents, and part-time lobbyists from Kansas City.

Nixon surmounted these handicaps, made the Hiss case his own, and stuck to the investigation with a single-minded zeal that astonished his elders. Joe Martin, who was then Speaker of the House, never knew quite what to make of it. But if the conviction of Hiss brought Nixon national acclaim, it brought other consequences also. In his account of the case, Nixon remarks that "it also left a residue of hatred and hostility toward me—not only among the Communists but also among substantial segments of the press and the intellectual community — a hostility which remains even today."

The campaign of 1950 served to sharpen that hostility. At 66, California's Senator Sheridan Downey was running down fast. (He actually was to retire by reason of ill health a month before his second term ended.) Nixon saw an opportunity; so did the three-term Mrs. Douglas, a southpaw Democrat, still the glamorous actress at fifty. It is absurd to suggest, as some of Nixon's more extravagant critics have charged, that the 1950 campaign was the roughest and dirtiest campaign ever waged for a Senate seat. Any Southern boy, or for that matter any Boston boy, can remember rougher contests. Even so, it was a bruising affair. The delicate Mrs. Douglas had the sting of

an angry hornet. Nixon made great capital by comparing her voting record to Vito Marcantonio's. In the end, it was Nixon by 2,183,000 to the lady's 1,502,000.

Senator Nixon continued along the paths cleared by Congressman Nixon. He was one of only five Republicans who voted in 1951 against an effort, led by Everett Dirksen, to cut mutual security funds by \$250 million. He voted in favor of universal military training, but in the great debate over troops in Europe he voted in favor of the four-division limitation. On domestic issues, he voted to cut funds for public housing, to cut funds for flood control, and to cut funds for soil conservation payments. He voted to confirm state title to the tidelands. He voted for an immediate Taft-Hartley injunction in the steel strike. By the summer of 1952, at thirty-nine, he was ready to become Eisenhower's number-two man on the Republican Presidential ticket.

### The Vice-Presidency Transformed

The eight years that followed are too well known to require recapitulation. After a succession of faceless Vice Presidents—Marshall, Coolidge, Dawes, Curtis, Garner, Wallace, Truman, Barkley — Nixon amazed the Washington press by transforming the position into a do-something office. He traveled indefatigably. He made himself news. During Eisenhower's three illnesses, he behaved with perfect restraint. It is a fair criticism of Nixon in this period (though it is no more than an acknowledgment of the nature of the man) that he was no great asset to the President on the Senate floor itself. Unlike Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey, Nixon is incapable of the back-patting, the wink-and-nudge politicking, that can round up a wavering vote.

Nixon is not, to borrow a phrase from Dr. Johnson, a very clubbable man. He likes the excitement of a crowd, and warms to a packed house as other men do, but he is at bottom a loner. There is a reserve in him that says, *so far and no further*. As Stephen Hess and David Broder have remarked, in a perceptive piece in *Harper's*, the offstage Nixon is a man "chronically ill at ease. Small talk eludes him; small pleasan-

tries turn awkward in his mouth." Nixon is better on this score than he used to be; he jokes more, relaxes more often, kids himself before an audience. But he has no affinity for the huddled masses as such; he detests practical jokers; he reacts faintly to smutty stories. "I will not put on that goddamn Indian head-dress," he once snapped to his staff on a Southwestern tour. He hasn't worn any other funny hats, either.

The maturity that has softened Nixon's scowl has taken the edge off his Irish temper, too. In his book of memoirs five years ago, Nixon acknowledged that "I blew my stack" in the letdown after Caracas, and "blew my stack" again at the time of the Nixon Fund episode of the 1952 campaign. As California reporters vividly recall, he royally blew his stack once more, following his loss to Brown in 1962. (A video tape of that famous press conference, incidentally, is still in existence; if Nixon becomes the nominee, the tape will pursue him like an instant replay throughout the fall campaign.) His associates insist, and there is no reason to doubt them, that Nixon has learned to keep this temper firmly in check. He is much more secure than he used to be, not only in a material sense, but also in his confident view of himself.

This self-possession is reflected in the busy life Nixon leads in New York. The first question I put to him, in a formal interview recently, had to do with the city. How did he like living in New York? I had intended the question lightly, as an ice-breaker. Nixon took it seriously, as he takes all questions seriously. He sat, head down, mulling it over for a moment.

We were chatting in his corner office on the 24th floor of 20 Broad Street in lower Manhattan. The New York Stock Exchange is next door, at No. 18. On Wall Street, a few steps away, is the historic Doric-columned building that stands on the site of Old Federal Hall, where Washington was inaugurated in 1789. Nixon's law office is large, but scarcely opulent. The room is dominated by a scarlet-lacquered landscape of Vietnam, the gift of President Diem in 1956. A carved table came from Thailand. While we talked, Nixon toyed with an ivory-handled kris, a souvenir from Malaysia. A visitor's curious eye takes in a panel of gavels, a mounted array of

keys to various cities, an autographed letter of Lincoln's, a hole-in-one card marking a great moment at Bel Air in Los Angeles, a dozen framed photographs of world leaders, an inscribed photograph of Dr. Schweitzer. This is plainly the office of a successful man, yet it has a decorator feeling; everything is Nixon's own, but someone else has framed and hung it all. For the time being, one surmises, this is a way station, point in transit; the room is kept dusted and vacuumed and waxed, as comfortable and impersonal as a room in a Holiday Inn, but the big desk bears no marks of worn-out feet.

"The thing is," Nixon was saying, "we don't really live in New York, in the sense that we lived in Whittier or even in the sense that we lived in Washington. I travel so much that I seldom have any sense of place or home in New York, and we have almost no social life when I'm here. It hasn't been possible to involve ourselves in the problems of the city. It's an exciting city, fast-paced, constantly stimulating. But in terms of the political man"—here the quick

grin—"it's not as exciting as Washington. In terms of law and finance, it's the greatest."

Four years had passed since Nixon abandoned his old base in California and established a new residence in Manhattan. What had these four years done for him or to him? He pushed the Malaysian kris in and out of its sheath.

"This much at least," he said. "I have a far better understanding than I ever had before of big business, corporate finance, the whole corporate picture. I've learned a good deal about the market. But maybe the big thing is that, despite all the traveling around, these years have given me time for reflection and time to be alone. That's the greatest aspect of New York: Here a man can live by himself. I have welcomed not having had to participate in so many command performances and social events—but then I don't suppose I'm the ideal politician. I know this—I've done more reading in the past four years than I was able to do in the preceding fourteen."

What had he been reading lately?



He fumbled momentarily. It was the only time in all our conversation that he groped for an answer. "News-papers, of course, more thoroughly than ever. Quantities of magazines, most of them dealing with politics and foreign affairs, but covering a whole spectrum of positions. No fiction—there isn't time for that. Just finished Galbraith's book, *The New Industrial State*. Damned well written—brilliantly written. It was persuasive." The quick grin. "But not convincing. I've been re-reading Samuel Eliot Morison—*The Growth of the American Republic*, and some of the naval history. Most of my reading has to be topical stuff, editorials, columns, major speeches, position papers. But I'm getting a raft of it done."

Some months before, I talked with Nixon in Washington, right after his return from a trip abroad. He had looked bone-tired then. I remarked that he looked much better now, and asked about his health.

"Physically and mentally, I'm in as good shape as I've ever been in. You know, I've been lucky. I don't believe I've been in the hospital but twice in my life—once for undulant fever when I was in high school, and again with that knee infection during the 1960 campaign. Back in 1957 I picked up a bad case of amoebic dysentery in Africa. Otherwise I haven't been sick. As it turned out, the siege of dysentery was a good thing in its way, for I lost twenty pounds I had gained on Washington dinners. Right now, my weight is holding steady at 175, but it's hell to keep it there."

Nixon used to get some exercise playing golf, handball, and table tennis. Now his only exercise, except for the hated morning calisthenics, comes in occasional walks. He requires only a few hours' sleep to get along. Frequently he will whistle to Vicki, the poodle, or to Pascha, Tricia's Yorkshire terrier, for a midnight stroll along Fifth Avenue. They will walk for 45 minutes to an hour, both of them doing what comes naturally: The dogs do what dogs do; Nixon polishes a speech.

The Nixons live in a twelve-room cooperative apartment at Fifth Avenue and 62nd Street. Ordinarily he and Pat tend to rattle around in the elegant surroundings, for they do little entertaining, and the girls live their own lives. Tricia, twenty-one, lives

at home while she finishes at Finch College, but Julie, nineteen, a sophomore at Smith, is seldom around. Nixon bought the fifth-floor apartment for \$135,000 in 1963—it still is heavily mortgaged—and pays nearly \$10,000 a year in his condominium maintenance fee. The rooms are expensively furnished. Only in Nixon's own study, where he can put his feet on a brown-cushioned footstool, is there a sense of freedom to toss the Sunday papers on the floor. The apartment includes an upright piano. In moments of pure relaxation—they don't come often—Nixon happily bangs away.

His day begins a little after 7 o'clock: a quick breakfast, a fast skimming of the *Times*, then a long drive to 20 Broad Street. While his Spanish houseman and chauffeur threads the big Chrysler through the needle streets, Nixon finishes his paper. An avid sports fan, he spends more time on the sports section than he spends on the editorial page. This past summer, he sadly followed the Angels, Giants, Yankees and Mets. At the time we talked, the White Sox were still on top of the American League. "That Stanky!" said Nixon, whistling in admiration. "There's a fighter for you."

By 8:30, Nixon has arrived at Broad Street. An elevator whisks him up, and a panel comes on to indicate the 24th floor: *Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie, Alexander & Mitchell*. The law firm is one of the ten largest in New York, with thirty partners and seventy associated lawyers toiling in their beige-paneled factory. Over the past four years (Nixon joined the firm in 1963), the office has increased its business remarkably. Nixon himself makes only modest, murmuring noises about his own contribution to the growth, but outsiders have no hesitancy in crediting the prestige of the former Vice President for most of it. He is the public partner, as Dulles was a public partner to Sullivan, Cromwell. His role is not to write briefs or to argue cases, but to bring in the business.

Ordinarily, Nixon's law firm concentrates entirely upon corporate, tax law, labor law, trusts and estates. It accepts no criminal cases, except when a corporate client gets in trouble, and the firm rarely appears in trial of a civil suit for damages. Nixon himself figured in the out-

standing exception to the prevailing rule, when James J. Hill, a friend and client of one of the partners, Randolph Guthrie, decided to sue *Life* Magazine for invasion of privacy. The case dated back to September of 1952, when the Hills and their five children became hostages to three escaped convicts in their suburban home outside Philadelphia. Joseph Hayes made some use of the incident in a novel, *The Desperate Hours*. A year or so later, the novel led to a Broadway play. In February 1955, *Life* sent several of the actors and a photographer to the Hills' old home in Whitemarsh to re-enact some scenes from the drama. The trouble was that the re-enactment was far removed from the real-life story. Unlike the Hills' own experience, the stage family suffers violence at the hands of the convicts; the father and son are beaten, and the daughter subjected to obscene insults. Hill brought suit, and the case began to drag through the courts.

### **Upholding Right to Privacy**

Nixon happens to be a bug on what he regards as the ordinary citizen's right to privacy. He is not thinking of himself. "Once you get to be Vice President," he acknowledges, "you are never a private man again." Even so, Nixon keeps Pat and his daughters out of the news as best he can. It seemed to him, in the case of the Hill family, that *Life* had abused its right of free press. The Hills were not public officials, nor even public figures. They were the inadvertent victims of three lawless men, fleeing for their lives. The Hills had shunned publicity on the incident, and were seeking only to put it out of their lives. Then came the distorted *Life* spread.

Nixon plunged into the case as if he were running for office himself or hitting the campaign trail for someone else. For weeks he worked on nothing else. Late in April 1966, he came to Washington, as tense as a youngster just out of law school, to argue before the Supreme Court. To his keen disappointment, for he felt he had done well, the case was set for re-argument in mid-October. Once more Nixon concentrated his energies on the wrong done the Hill family. In the end, all the labor profited him little. On January 9, 1967,

the High Court disposed of the Hill case in a proliferation of concurring and dissenting opinions remanding the aging litigation for one more trial on a point of jury instructions. Brennan wrote an opinion for the Court; Black and Douglas grudgingly concurred, merely to get the matter over and done with; Harlan concurred in part and dissented in part; Fortas, Warren and Clark went all the way with Nixon and the Hill family. They had suffered a "reckless and irresponsible assault" at *Life's* hands, said the three dissenters. But dissenters do not decide, and the Hill decision still rankles in Nixon's recollection.

Talk of the Hills' frustration led to talk of the press generally. How was Nixon getting along with the press these days?

"No sweat," he said. "I know, you're thinking of 'You won't have Nixon to kick around any more,' and 'This is my last press conference.' Okay. I blew up in 1962, I was tired, worn out, sick at heart. We had done better than anyone ever imagined we would do with the Democrats and independents. It was our own Republicans who let their party down in that election. It was a bad night. The press sniping, all through the campaign, had been fierce. So I blew up. I regretted it later, but I'll say this: It cleared the air. I get along all right with the reporters, and they seem to get along all right with me."

Recalling that bitter campaign five years ago, Nixon had fallen into the old sagging scowl, his mouth downturned, his eyes snapping. The mood lasted only an instant. Then he was cheerful, relaxed, and attentive again. We went back to talking about his life as a lawyer. I remarked that a number of magazine articles had reported his income for 1966 as roughly \$200,000.

### He'll Stick by Convictions

"That's an okay figure," he said. "Of course, I do some writing, and the book brings in royalties. It's a huge income, but even so, I'm the man in the field with the least. The obligations have been immense, mainly for staff and travel. I suppose my total estate, if I died right now, wouldn't amount to more than \$250,000. I was in the market for a while, and didn't do badly, but I've sold al-

most everything in order to avoid even the most remote possibility of any conflict of interest. About the only investments I have now are in real estate in Florida and California, along with this New York apartment, and all of them are mortgaged. The only life insurance I have is term insurance. But I don't worry about money, and I couldn't care less about leaving a large estate."

We turned to politics. There had been much speculation that with Ronald Reagan muscling in upon Nixon's strength among conservatives, Nixon would seek an opening to the left. What about it? Was he courting a liberal vote?

"I want votes from all sections of the spectrum," Nixon said. "Sure I do. But if you're asking me if I intend to accommodate my views just to woo the liberals, the answer is hell, no. I have my convictions, and I intend to stick by them. And from a practical standpoint—you can't be a chameleon in this business. Good God, I have a record on everything you can imagine. It's all down. I don't mean to suggest that I'm incapable of changing my mind. Sure, I come across new information, or new situations arise, and I can be flexible. But when this happens, I want to sit on my fanny for a while, and make up my mind. I've taken solid positions, and I know me: I won't move from them easily."

Nixon fiddled with the Malaysian

kris, and then broke into a chuckle. "Besides, when I read some of the tender advice given to me by some of the papers, I wonder if they really, truly have my best interests at heart."

### Too Little Time

I had prepared some questions dealing with his prospective delegate strength at Miami, and with his organizations in New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Indiana, Nebraska, Oregon, and South Dakota. Nixon gave me the strobe-grin and a wink. "You'll have to ask others about that. After all, as a non-candidate . . ." He got up, glanced at his watch, and began repacking papers into his black briefcase. He had an appointment uptown, he apologized, with a gentleman who was going to try to get him to change his mind on the Panama Canal treaties. "I've been doing a good bit of reading lately on the subject, and I think I've read all the arguments he wants to make. But I want to listen to him."

Some final questions were on my list. I wanted to dig at Nixon for a while on the broad theme of constitutional government. There wasn't time. He thought for a moment. "Somewhere around here," he said, "there ought to be a copy of a little theme I wrote a few years ago, when I qualified to practice law in New York. I didn't realize until the last minute that the question was going to be on the application, so this wasn't a pol-



*"Get down to the other end of the counter and play as you have never played before. There's too much tarragon in the sauce Remoulade."*

ished work. But it sums up my own thinking pretty well. So far as I know, it hasn't been published anywhere. I'll ask Rose to find a copy for you." A minute later he had vanished.

Rose Mary Woods, the tough and unflappable redhead who serves as Nixon's secretary and right arm, foraged around in the files. The statement was dated November 15, 1963 and, as Nixon had said, it was something less than a gem of prose composition. It is interesting to muse, however, what the other Presidential contenders would write if they were locked up in a room with a yellow tablet and told to respond in 500 words to the question: What do you believe the principles underlying the form of government of the United States to be?

### 'The Sound Doctrine'

"The principles underlying the government of the United States," Nixon began, "are decentralization of power, separation of power, and maintaining a balance between freedom and order.

"Above all else, the framers of the Constitution were fearful of the concentration of power in either individuals or government."

To prevent such a concentration, Nixon went on to say, the framers relied primarily upon the federal system. But the principle of federalism embraces more than a structural balance between the central government and the state governments: "Putting it most simply, the American ideal is that private or individual enterprise should be allowed and encouraged to undertake all functions which it is capable to perform. Only when private enterprise cannot or will not do what needs to be done should government step in. When government action is required, it should be undertaken if possible by that unit of government closest to the people."

Nixon wound up his statement with an explanation of the provisions that protect the rights of the individual citizen. These rights are guaranteed not only by the Constitution, he said, "but even more by the system itself, which is the most effective safeguard against arbitrary power ever devised by man." He concluded:

Yet the genius of the founding fathers is further demonstrated by the

fact that while freedom for the individual was their primary objective, they recognized that uncontrolled freedom for some would lead to the anarchy which would destroy freedom for all. Maintaining the delicate balance between freedom and order is, in my view, the greatest achievement of the American constitutional system. Inability to maintain that balance is the basic reason for the failure of regimes in Latin America, Africa and Asia which have tried to copy our system. They invariably go to one extreme or the other—too much emphasis on the freedom of men to do anything they please, or too much emphasis on controlling the excesses of freedom. Each of these approaches leads inevitably to dictatorship either of the right or of the left, a tragedy which America will be able to avoid by continued dedication to the fundamental principles of our Constitution.

As Virginia's Bill Tuck used to say, that is "the sound doctrine." These are among the principles of American government men tend to forget. Presumably, they are the principles that a President Nixon would bring to major domestic issues: a swollen bureaucracy, crime in the streets, the excesses committed in the ritual name of "civil rights."

If he can shake the old labels that cling like beggar's lice, if he can win decisively in the primaries, if he can overcome the growing strength of

Ronald Reagan, if he can hold the public on his hawkish view of Vietnam—if Nixon can do all these things over the next six months, he will win the Republican nomination. If he fails, his political day is done—and Nixon knows it. He might hope that a President Reagan would name him Secretary of State, but that would be it. No elective possibilities exist beyond 1968.

### The Day Has Been Splendid

At the end of his *Six Crises* book, Nixon recalled a conversation with de Gaulle in the spring of 1960. De Gaulle quoted a line from Sophocles: "One must wait until the evening to see how splendid the day has been."

"For me," wrote Nixon, "the evening of my life has not yet come. But for the boy who, forty years ago, used to lie in bed in Yorba Linda, California, and dream of traveling to far-off places when he heard the train whistle in the night, I can say even now that the day has indeed been splendid."

For Nixon, at 54, it is late in the afternoon, but his clock is set to a political Daylight Saving Time. The boy from Yorba Linda may have one helluva time yet in his twilight hours.

## Consider the Lobster

*Large male lobsters cannot mate with smaller females, yet they drive the smaller males that can, away. The result is that the female, who can only mate for a single 48-hour period every two years, loses her big chance.*

Dr. Saul B. Salla, University of Rhode Island

Girl lobsters are crustaceans which,  
When their libidos start to itch  
(Bi-annually, kindly note)  
Find meaningful romance, remote.  
Then too, sophisticated males,  
The kind with really *gorgeous* tails,  
Can't manage to be indiscreet  
With females which are too petite.  
Moreover, complicating this,  
The bulls express a prejudice  
Toward younger males designed for fun  
Who, unromantically, run.  
I'm sure the female lobsters fret;  
(I know the males are all upset).  
Their nerves must pay a frightful toll . . .  
However, they've got birth control.

W. H. VON DREELE

## The Climate of Fear

MARIA LONDON

The shadow of Mordor may be advancing on Hong Kong, but it is not yet visible. The colony still gleams with its unique vigor and beauty. The pleasant ferries hurry back and forth, lordly ships from the West rest in the harbor, and cargo junks from Canton, flying faded red flags, unload brick at the dockside. You can still have a suit made in a few days. The room boys and waiters at the hotel are all the same as a year or two ago and they have not learned any more English since then. Repulse Bay continues serene and exquisite.

Within a few days, it becomes quite clear, moreover, that no popular insurrection threatens the colony. It is everywhere estimated that about 95 per cent of the Chinese population, no matter what the full diapason of their political sympathies may ordinarily be, firmly support the British. The reason: Hong Kong is too close to mainland reality to entertain fantasies about it. Not only are many in the colony themselves refugees; there are countless relatives in Canton, letters and commuters back and forth. People who constantly send food parcels and clothing from the colony across the border are not fooled about the actual state of affairs. In a showdown, they choose the full bowl of rice in a free household. In this respect, interestingly enough, the Hong Kong population may be considered much more reliably anti-Communist than many other Chinese communities far enough away to indulge in airborne rationalization about mainland reality.

Such an anti-Communist attitude in Hong Kong does not, of course, preclude, in many, various feelings of dissatisfaction with the British government, sometimes accompanied by emotional patriotic identification with the mainland, expressed, for example, in pride over the development of a Chinese nuclear technology—a pride, incidentally, almost totally lacking in the recent refugee, who views

Peking's latest bomb, if he thinks of it at all, as a new instrument of political tyranny.

With increasing evidence of chaos and Red Guard brutalities, however, even this emotional attitude has become muddled. As one highly intelligent and excellently informed Chinese friend told us, "It is becoming a strain. On the one hand, there is pride that China is showing its strength; on the other hand, there is shame about all the increasing disintegration and cruelty. So right now, a lot of people just cover up with a disgusted wave of the hand—'Let's not talk politics!' If you hear this expression, you'll know what it means!"

### In the Aftermath of Macao

In spite of the above positive indications, it is also clear that the capitulation of Macao and the subsequent and continuing Communist disturbances in Hong Kong have had one telling effect—fear. The mental turmoil that this fear has created in many wealthy and middle-class businessmen and anti-Communist intellectuals is hard to exaggerate. It is not that the factory worker is unconcerned; he just has no alternative to sticking it out. But those with the means to flee either through financial resources or positions abroad face the tormenting personal responsibility of choice. Many decisions to abandon Hong Kong ripened quickly during the brief delay in the British crackdown. Others are still being agonized over.

The nature of the fear is as complex as Hong Kong itself. It is partly panic over the mere possibility of a Communist takeover—and let us not judge this from our safe distance! In the words of one Chinese friend who has always been a worrier about his family: "It is true that it is in the interest of Peking to maintain the status quo in Hong Kong because of the hard currency it earns. But with all these irrational things going on

now in the mainland, who knows that they might not suddenly do something not in their own best interest? Wealthy Mr. So-and-So is so influential he can get out at the last moment but we middle-class people can't wait too long. Who knows when the last moment may be? The airport could be cut off without warning."

"The main point is not a takeover," he continued. "All the Communists have to do is keep on with their acts of violence and terror. You never know where it will start next and it is hard to control. If this keeps up and foreigners stay away, I shall have to go out of business."

### Bargaining with the Devil

Every situation holds its surprises. There is still a third form of fear. Among the very first businessmen to flee Hong Kong in haste were those opportunists who, for the sake of business, played pro-Red, cultivated profitable friendly personal relations with Communists, attended and gave dinners, with scarcely a misgiving or bad dream. Then Satan came to collect: We have helped you; now you can donate generously to our cause and take an activist role in our demonstrations! These businessmen were the most terrified of all.

One major reason that the confident people here do not feel that Peking means business is a great deal of evidence that the Peking clique was the left hand that did not know what the Communist counterclique in Canton was doing. Shipments of pork and vegetables were sent out from Canton to Hong Kong on orders from Peking, only to be turned back by the Canton-led strikers in the colony. The same shipments were shunted back and forth this way several times, until they were spoiled and a total loss.

If Peking's aim was truly to force Hong Kong, like Macao, to take political orders through the method of mass paralysis, it has certainly failed. If it now intends to achieve the same goal through a campaign of sporadic terrorism, it will have three powerful factors working for it: loss of confidence, a flight of capital, and a foreign press which irresponsibly expands upon the activity of a violent minority as though it represented the face and the future of Hong Kong.

OF WISDOM I have little, says Dr. Robert Strausz-Hupé, "for I would still trade my book of maxims for the colors, sounds, and smells around me this very morning." One encounters considerable color in his memoirs, *In My Time* (Norton); but also one finds the wisdom to which this versatile gentleman and scholar modestly resigns his claim.

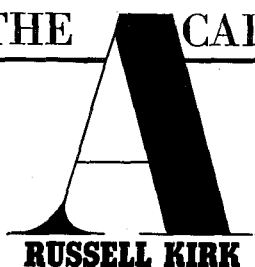
Because his autobiographical volume was published during a newspaper strike two years ago, it is not so well known as it ought to be. Professor Strausz-Hupé, Viennese by birth, nowadays is director of the Institute for Foreign Policy Research at the University of Pennsylvania. But in his subtle, supple, and perceptive way, he has been many things. Once I spent some days in his company, at Bruges, where he had organized an international conference. Few men, I found, are able to talk so well, and with such unassuming authority, of so many matters, as does Strausz-Hupé.

His meditative autobiography has something in common with Albert Jay Nock's *Memoirs of a Superfluous Man*, though Strausz-Hupé has traveled a great deal more and has taken a part of some importance in great public concerns—from which Nock studiously separated himself. I find that Strausz-Hupé's path and mine often have crisscrossed, though not in the same moments of time, from Viennese cafés, to the north shore of Long Island, to tea with the last Duke and Duchess of Sermoneta. Also there is much meeting of our minds.

Strausz-Hupé's observations on education, for instance, take my fancy. Here he is on classical studies:

I suspect that the neglect in contemporary higher education of Latin and Roman history is not quite accidental; though a good many modern educators genuinely doubt the "practical" value of classical studies and put their money on electronics; others remove, with a will, the naughty Romans from the curriculum so that innocent minds shall not be troubled by analogies lurking in the contemporary situation. I cannot prove my

## FROM THE ACADEMY



### *The Sagacity of Dr. Strausz-Hupé*

suspensions, for the rationale of public education is a closed book to me. But there is just the possibility that the desuetude of the classics must be traced to the modern educationalist's own psyche. The great Freudian plunger is at work, flushing the mind of disturbing allusions. Be that as it may, the historians of the Rome of the Caesars recorded the dilemma of people like ourselves; mighty and unsure, possessed of great riches and discontented, engrossed in the rhetoric of the people's tribunes, and deaf to the threat of the Praetorians. Plutarch, Tacitus, and Suetonius speak to us.

Aye, they speak to Robert Strausz-Hupé and some others; but not to President Johnson and the typical educationist. A few weeks ago, there was held in Williamsburg an international conference on "the world crisis in education"—which, predictably, was concerned with all the wrong things, as crisis-thinking usually is. Most of the educationists present agreed that all nations ought to pay less attention to classical education, because that accursed set of disciplines "only prepares a student for the ranks of the unemployed." And of course they demanded money—much money, the love of which is the root of all evil.

IN THE TOTALIST autocracy or the democratic despotism, classical studies are suspect because they produce men like Strausz-Hupé, who refuse to rest content with cliché and slogan. Yet Strausz-Hupé never was unemployed for any length of time—he was a picture-framer for Marshall Field, and on another occasion James Forrestal's representative in anarchic China.

He has seen much change, and most of it for the worse. One of the more swift and startling alterations has been the rise of the professor as man of public influence. "The process that began in World War II has been completed in the age of the cold war. The academic has been fully integrated in American society. From integration he has gone on to the plateaus of political and economic power. . . .

The entry of the academic expert constitutes the most revolutionary development of our times, destined to transform our haphazard society into an orderly society of merit and rank."

Almost by accident, and certainly without ever having desired or expected it, Strausz-Hupé became a part-time instructor in political science a quarter of a century ago. He is now a man of might in the Academy—which has become, meanwhile, more *palazzo pubblico* than grove. But he remains a conservator rather than an academic marcher to Zion.

At Stanford, recently, there assembled the members of the Pacific Coast branch of the American Historical Association. They were harangued by various professors who aspire to the condition of movers and shakers, among them a Dr. Daniel H. Calhoun. As he ought to be, Professor Calhoun was hard upon the dreary textbooks used in our schools. But some of his criticisms were curious. "History books have always been weighted toward what has happened in the past, rather than to anticipate changes and novelties in the future," he declared. And he lamented that "the history books don't deal with black nationalism before 1900."

One gathers that Dr. Calhoun would like the historian to turn fabulist. To have invented an active "black nationalism" before 1900, indeed, would require remarkable effrontery.

Professor Strausz-Hupé by way of contrast, is a man of genuine learning—though until his middle years he had expected to be a man of action. He is a talented professor precisely because he had preliminary experience of the world, and did much of his moving and shaking before he entered the classroom. But preserve us from the sort of Ph.D. who, scarcely ever out of school since his fifth birthday, nevertheless professes his readiness to give peace to Vietnam and to purge us all of our multitudinous imperfections.



Kirk

# »BOOKS·ARTS·MANNERS«

## Stan, Ollie, and the Universe

HUGH KENNER

There's a still at the back of Mr. Everson's book that almost stops the breath when we come upon it: a rare, rare glimpse as it were into the joyous heart of the sun. It's not a still from a film: Laurel and Hardy, oblivious of the camera, haven't thought to assume the stares of idiot hopefulness or fathomless exasperation that constituted their public critique of the universe. Bathed in the nearly horizontal light of early morning, the boys look fresh: the day is all before them. Creation has sprung forth anew, pianos once more unwrecked, cars undemolished, hats unbattered, suits unrumped. Ollie lounges against a Ford that looks spry as a grasshopper, his bulk so poised as to seem weightless, feet nonchalantly crossed. Stan's hands are clasped in ecstasy. They bend toward each other in communion. Soundless laughter convulses them; their closed eyes savor some invisible bit of business, newly invented, that will soon bring Arcadia down once more in ruins: but not yet.

Charlie Hall leans upon the car beside them, a meditative straight man, savoring peace. It deserves, all this, to be a timeless idyl, disaster a mere ideal mechanism, the prospect of its linkages contemplative joy. From the very edge of the picture space, in aggressive sharp focus, a directorial hand intrudes like a knout into a Watteau or the archangel's sword into Eden: the summons to work.

They worked and worked and worked in 99 films. It's amazing that six or seven of these are classics, so bad was their luck. They weren't teamed till 1927, on the brink of sound, and hadn't therefore unhurried time together in the middle years of the golden decade, the years for instance of Keaton's masterpieces. The teaming was apparently happenstance; then a full seven films went by before their odd symbiosis was consummated, and a dozen films later its possibilities were still unnoticed by a studio that was concentrating the publicity (and production) money on Charley Chase and Our Gang.

In 1927 they made fourteen films; the fourteenth (in which all civilization, it seems, grows infected with the urge

to throw pies) is a classic. In 1928 they made ten; the eighth of these (as much of civilization as we can see caught up in an orgy of tearing fenders and wheels off cars) is a second classic. In 1929 they made fourteen, of which all but perhaps three were enmired in sound. One of these three is their masterpiece, *Big Business*, yet a third orgy of destructiveness, but reduced, like Aeschylean tragedy, to three protagonists.

THREE YEARS, three silent classics, some forty films. Though not one film is devoid of hilarious moments, it seems a miserable squandering of talent. And there were to be just four more flawless films in the sixty or so to follow: two features, *Sons of the Desert* and *Way Out West*; two shorts, *Busy Bodies* and *The Music Box*. The rest were good, indifferent, or bad, but always uneven. Yet what megawatts of energy they expended, what acres of sticking-plaster, what platoons of cars and pianos. They were superb technicians of the build-ed lofty gag, and they never scamped a pratfall or left a straight man unclobbered, a hat unsquashed, a chain of iron causality unpursued. Why such waste?

They were victims, it would seem, of an industry that had lost its directions. Comedy in the Thirties, when they made most of their come-

dies, was already archaeological or elegiac: an exercise in reconstructing, for older viewers, what they could remember being delighted by in silent days. When it wasn't that, it was mindless anarchy for the dime-a-head Saturday matinee trade (kids will laugh at anything). As for the Twenties, the Twenties of Laurel and Hardy were the very late Twenties. Their joint professional life was not twelve months old when the Hal Roach studios were absorbed by MGM, and by their third year (1929) sound was engulfing the Comedy Machine like a swamp.

SOUND FROM the beginning had maleficent effects for reasons Mr. Everson touches on but doesn't explicate. His remarks on the slow pace, the clumsy timing, of such films as *Berth Marks* (1929) and *Pardon Us* (1931) suggest that some abstruse difficulty of conception was interfering. No doubt it was; sound suggests a more naturalistic milieu than Laurel and Hardy were fit to inhabit. But the real trouble was that early sound films were impossible to edit.

When sound was on a disc, and the disc couldn't be spliced or abridged, then the disc alone established the running time of each sequence. The normal procedure was to set several cameras running, so as to give the cutting room a selection of long shots and close-ups to vary things with, but the cutter could in no way tighten an episode without pulling the picture out of sync. Sound-on-film was almost as intractable; the twenty-frame separation between the seen and the heard meant that scissors applied to this moment's video would encroach on a later moment's audio. Dubbing techniques, for separating the two tracks and dealing with them separately prior to recombination, were soon evolved, but by the time they were routinized the knack of quick cutting, essential to comedy, seemed lost. And dubbing takes time which takes money—each cut means a laborious reestablishment of sync—and Laurel & Hardy comedies were generally low-budget affairs, in the days when Class was defined by the vis-

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*The Films of Laurel and Hardy*, by William K. Everson. Citadel, \$7.95

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PERSONALITY POSTERS

ceral perturbations of Louis B. Mayer.

Yet they were always more serious even than Mr. Mayer. All comedy transfers to the practical order the deliverances of some sage, and if Buster Keaton's sage was Sir Isaac Newton, and Charlie Chaplin's Karl Marx, the sage of Laurel and Hardy was Rudolf Julius Emmanuel Clausius, who stated in 1850 the Second Law of Thermodynamics, to the effect that in a purely physical system, such as the one a movie camera inspects, the trend toward disorganization is irreversible.

Begin, for instance, with a house to be cleaned. In fifteen minutes it will be a heap of rubble, amidst which sits a battered Hardy in the pouring rain, wringing (his last, minuscule assertion of order) the water out of his gloves. Between these termini runs a chain of causation, inspected by the camera with searching impartiality. Thus, "Water thrown at an open window is hurled back at the thrower when the window suddenly slides shut; Hardy goes outside to pry the window open, only to be soaked when Laurel sees the obstacle overcome, and throws the water out again. In rage, Hardy hurls a rock back at Laurel; it misses, but breaks sundry fittings and starts a lamp swinging so that it breaks loose and hurtles through a window, knocking a gardener head over heels and leaving his garden hose to spray through an open window, so that when Hardy

enters in dry clothes, he is immediately soaked again." There is no malevolence at work here, simply the principle that when you tinker with anything at all you disrupt unimaginable equilibria. Better, in obeisance to Goldwyn's Law, they should have stood in bed.

OR BEGIN WITH THE 1928 epitome of precarious order: 800 poppety-popping valves atop 400 cylinders govern the capacity of 400 oscillating pistons to propel on 400 wheels a hundred cars along a paved California highway. All this is artifice, a writing on water, a weaving of ropes from sand; all this will revert to dust. For Laurel and Hardy, two sailors on leave, taking two girls for a drive in a rented car, undergo the frustrations of traffic, and frustration once liberated is pandemic. Oil squirts into faces, luggage slides into the ditch. Glaring drivers assault one another and one another's machines. Fenders are ripped off, headlamps smashed, wheels jerked loose so that cars collapse like bulldogged steers; and the whole sorry junkheap is crumpled to tin at last by a locomotive.

Amid such disintegrations, such alarming contagions of the nihilistic impulse, one can do little more than assert one's stoical dignity (Hardy) or burst into witless tears (Laurel). It is from a very black universe indeed that their bowler hats imperceptibly shield them. Blow that universe

finally to smithereens, leave nothing but mud and a single blasted tree, install in it the mysteriously symbiotic pair still having trouble with their boots, still ritually exchanging hats, still devising bits of futile business, and you have the coda to the Laurel & Hardy oeuvre, called *Waiting for Godot*. You have even, embedded in Beckett's text, bits of their dialogue; there's a particularly bold lift from *Way Out West*.

BLISS WAS IT, each early dawn, to be alive, as in that wonderful photo of their intimate laughter. Bliss was it never, when the cameras rolled, to cope with the mechanics of living; those mechanics, in accordance with Clausius' Second Law, were fated, all effort, all order, were pervaded by implacable entropy. No one thought to call this a formularized despair till it went under Beckett's microscope. Audiences shook, howled, wept with helpless laughter through paradigm after paradigm of issueless futility.

For nothing was finally destroyed; their world would be recreated, fresh as paint, at the start of the next film, and they too were unkillable, recurrent as the sunrise. Their tireless patience even with inferior scripts, their dogged overproduction, were necessary sacrifice, necessary labor. It was the sheer abundance of their films, the continuity of familiar rituals, ritualized innocence, ritualized exasperation, ritualized misery, year in, year out, that made any one film intelligible. Take one two-reeler, abolish all the rest, abolish their fame, project that two-reeler in a cultural void, and you have uneasy laughter, insidious blackness, as in *Godot*. Take Mr. Everson's book, inspect in isolation any of the 400 stills; you have the surrealist vertigo: a horse standing on a piano, or a man with a pot on his head, whitened with flour, sitting amidst all the wreckage a kitchen might conceivably yield, or two sooty men asquat on a snowy roof.

Their comedy, more than any other in cinema, theologized, so to speak, the common experience that if you hammer nails you are apt to strike your thumb. The theology, being false, is comic only in being belied; each film upheld it dogmatically; it was all their films that belied it.

# The Limits of Power

CHARLES BURTON MARSHALL

QUESTIONS put to me recently from an audience of articulate, educated, and manifestly intelligent young persons were based on assumptions of perfect foresight and omniscience for the United States in a wholly predictable and plastic world. Why did the President permit the Greek military coup? Why did we tolerate dictatorships in Latin America? Why didn't the United States stop U Thant from withdrawing UNEF? Why not concoct a Middle Eastern solution and make Israel and the Arabs abide by it? Why not establish *normal* diplomatic relations with Peking? They envisioned for a policy a course of endless initiative—"let's act instead of reacting"—to end all troubles and to achieve complete mastery over environment.

Yet, paradoxically, they were unanimously against a global policeman's role for Uncle Sam. The key to an apparent contradiction here was a postulate of harmony inherent throughout mankind. My auditors saw conflict as an aberration ascribable to faulty communications, understanding as the solvent of every difference, and the autonomy of national states as a sole and readily surmountable obstacle to worldwide reconciliation and security. In their belief, the United States had only to attune to these notions and to utter them as policies, whereupon everything would fall into place to establish a world order with no one ascendant and everyone cooperative and safe.

I said what I could to remind them of a world obdurately multifarious and mostly exterior to our jurisdiction and to show unmitigated disorder rather than absolute peace as the probable consequence of dissolving what frames of authority we have. I cited Israelis and Arabs, Pakistanis and Indians, and Poles and Germans as paired examples of peoples who have understood each other very well.

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*The War We Are In: The Last Decade and the Next*, by James Burnham. Arlington House, \$6.00

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The idea of an entity capable of acting completely *de novo* I equated with the theological concept of God as creator, and I explained how finite and temporal beings like governments, having to act in history, are caught up in antecedent circumstances. In response my hearers told me their upcoming generation was destined to escape history. They thought my ideas out of date, and I said likewise of theirs—right out of eighteenth-century rationalism, like so many notions cherished in our times.

THAT INTERCHANGE came to mind as I read James Burnham's *The War We Are In: The Last Decade and the Next*. It draws on 114 of his regular pieces from the dozen years 1955-1966. The excerpts, arranged in topical rather than chronological continuity, are introduced by a retrospective essay and followed by a predictive exercise which sees ahead a world not transformed, not very brave and scarcely new—with nothing much accomplished in disarmament, the UN droning on ineffectually except in some technical tasks, de Gaulle's grand schemes for Europe lapsing finally with de Gaulle, the so-called Third World getting somewhat worse off, our adversaries remaining our adversaries, no windfalls accruing to the United States, and much being determined by whether the United States will have stayed the course in Vietnam. I should rate these likely forecasts, both on my own account and on the basis of Burnham's prophetic talents demonstrated in the republished material, which shows notable capacity for disbelieving fads and hopes disjoined from experience. I imagine he would have been an ally in the interchange recounted above.

Yet on several occasions of meeting the author I have found myself in argument about policy. Reading *The War We Are In*, I tried to recall why. The differences, I think, focused not so much on ends as on means in relation to immediate possibilities. I find points for pertinent doubt still.

For example, in regard to what should have been the U. S. response to the Chinese Communists' outrages against our Consul General Angus Ward at Mukden in 1949, one item cites Gibbon's account concerning how Hadrian, Antoninus, and Marcus disciplined marginal barbarians to respect Roman supremacy—good rhetoric, but scarcely apt, not merely because the United States is not geared up for such imperious militancy, but also because dealing with Communist China is not of a piece with launching sorties against Parthians of old. The proper response to outrage against our agents would have been a closure of all our official activities in mainland China—which is precisely what was done.

As a further example, another item refers to perceived possibilities incident to Tito's break with Moscow—to wit, a landing of United States forces to defend the ground against Soviet threats, coupled with a local political drive to bring in a non-Communist regime. Burnham says, "There was nothing fantastic to this proposal," which, he explains (and I, too, remember), came from Yugoslav exiles. Nothing fantastic? It takes more than a pre-emptive phrase to persuade me to see what could have been realistic in it or to imagine why our magistrates should have committed troops to such a position in view of the inherent and palpable logistic drawbacks in the event of having to fight there—to say nothing of how to have elicited the regime's acquiescence or else how to have overcome resistance otherwise than by waging war. For the authoritative-ness of expatriates in such designs, Machiavelli's words from the *Discourses* are worth quoting: "A prince . . . should be slow in undertaking any enterprise upon the representations of exiles, for he will generally gain nothing by it but shame and serious injury."

My question concerns the conceptual standard against which to judge what governments do in foreign affairs. In my view, it is important to stay aware of the obduracy of circumstances and the limits of foresight and power, lest, by expecting too much, we become too easily persuaded to disdain what may be feasible and to decline what it entails. The idea of rendering the Commun-

ist Chinese amenable by a disciplinary sortie or once imposing a regime of our choosing in Yugoslavia without getting, at best, bogged down in a civil war is to expect too much for

too little. The costs come higher. There are no bargains. The later Burnham grows in awareness of this, and his insights, I think, accordingly sharpen.

## Yet Another Masterpiece

AUBERON WAUGH

**P**ELHAM GRENVILLE WODEHOUSE—more usually referred to among his fellow writers as The Master—is not a man given to trenchant utterances on the contemporary scene, but he was once reported as complaining that the younger practitioners of today were too bitter and twisted, lacking the *joie de vivre* necessary to impart a little gaiety to the world. When the first numb shock of having incurred the great man's disapproval wore off, we looked at each other with new eyes and saw that he was quite right. Why is it that our books seem to need a monstrous child, a mass-murderer and the occasional sex-fiend to give them that extra bit of punch? My own explanation is that we are all living under his shadow. We are too much aware of our own pitiful inadequacies to risk comparison with him. We have to pretend to have a social message, or to be angry about something, or just to be insane—in order to be granted a hearing. Few of our disgruntled young writers would agree that they owe their state to that supreme figure of gruntlement, the Master himself, but I think there must be something in it. Nobody but the most odiously conceited and second-rate twerp would dare try to write a novel which was exclusively comical in its intention under his benign but quizzical gaze. So here comes another 2,000-page marathon devoted to the color problem, drugs and suburban adultery.

As things are, we seize each new Wodehouse novel with high hearts. Surely, at 86, the Master's hand must have faltered, his keen mind lost a little of its edge? *The Purloined Paperweight* gives scarcely a sign of it. I will not reveal any of the plot,

in case those who read this review, forgetting it almost at once, imagine they have read the book when they come to pick it up. This is a problem which is familiar to all Wodehouse readers, although I find that I have trained myself to re-read the same book immediately afterwards with equal pleasure and undiminished stupefaction at each ingenious twist of the narrative. There is so little else to read. But here is a *bonne bouche* to whet the appetite. An infatuated man who has just learned that his love is returned meets his niece:

"Hello, Jane," he said. "What a wonderful day, Jane. Do you realize, Jane, that it's nearly a week since we've had a drop of rain? I can't remember when I've known that to happen in England. The papers keep whining that the crops need some, but I say, to Hell with the crops. Let them eat cake. I like it."

**A**NOTHER DISADVANTAGE of the Master's longevity (and may he live long and prosperously into his second century. Our footling loss is the world's gain) is that we are frustrated in our desire to write solemn treatises about him. I have long had such a treatise up my sleeve. Even if it did not win me a Fellowship of All Souls, it would certainly bring in a lucrative offer from some Midwestern university. As soon as it was announced to a stricken world that the Master had handed in his dinner pail, I was going to reveal my peculiar insight into his intentions: he was a Platonist, intent on creating an ideal world—the mere shadow of its actual substance, of course, but recognizable through this vale of tears as the supreme good towards which all human efforts should be directed—in the rural and metropolitan life of the English leisured classes before the Great War. Evil, although anathe-

matized in Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, Percy Pilbeam and similar characters who can be dismissed without compassion or regret as stinkers, is revealed to be as unintelligent as it is abhorrent to the natural order of things. Virtue frustrates it without difficulty.

The novel is, of course, a perfect vehicle for the Platonic idea, and I proposed to marvel that no serious (sic) novelist had got around to it before, although discerning traces of Platonism in such disparate writers as Scott Fitzgerald, St. Thomas More, Kerouac, Charlotte Bronte and almost anyone else you cared to mention.

While the Master is still alive, of course, anybody who publishes this sort of drivel runs the risk of receiving a curt postcard from the horse's mouth telling him not to be such a silly ass, whereupon the whole edifice collapses. Twenty years have besieged my brow since this scheme



first burgeoned, and the Master is as fit as ever. Devouring Time, as so often happens in these cases, has tended to blunt the lion's paws. There may be a Fellowship of All Souls in it for someone, there may be a house by the sea, but I have chosen the straight and narrow path of Truth. The Master has no such intentions.

When that is admitted, let us look at his achievement. Without wishing to portray an ideal world, he has

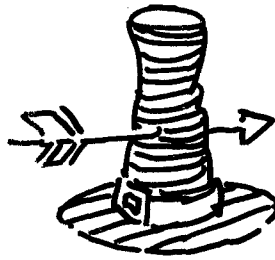
*The Purloined Paperweight*, by P. G. Wodehouse. Simon and Schuster, \$4.50

done so. Without trying to point any morals, he has described them with such excellent skill that one would need to be possessed by the devil to deny their irrefutable validity. Without seeming to pass any historical or sociological judgments, he has caught a brief moment in the earth's history when human civilization reached an acme. No doubt other such moments occurred during China's long history, but I can't suggest one.

Edward Gibbon, in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, was confronted by the same sort of question: "If a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus."

But Edward Gibbon never survived

to stay the weekend at Blandings Castle during its heyday, between the death of Queen Victoria and the



outbreak of the Great War. I am not claiming, as Gibbon does, that the entire world enjoyed this idyllic state. Neither of us, I fancy, knows quite the full horror of what might have been going on in Borneo or Biafra at the times under discussion. In England, it was a time of peace, prosperity and *concordia ordinum*. The educated classes shared a common culture, and had never had it so good.

Of course, by modern, egalitarian

standards, it was a time of appalling social injustice. Younger sons of the landed gentry, even then, frequently had to *work* to keep alive, thus preserving Arcadia intact for elder brothers. The working classes were able to indulge fewer of their base appetites than they can today, although, of course, these appetites had scarcely developed and I would not care to hazard whether they were conscious of greater discontent then than they are now. But until egalitarianism can point to any collection of people—never mind about the greatest number—enjoying a comparably carefree existence, it seems to me that the Wodehouse epoch has no prosecution case to answer. Marxian dogma, which has done so much to frustrate the just aspirations of the world's workers, was still a jumble of nonsense in the overheated brains of a handful of intellectuals. God was

## Random Notes

● **BOOKS AHEAD:** Edwin P. Hoyt's latest biography is of Alexander Woolcott, *The Man Who Came to Dinner* (Abelard-Schuman, \$6.60). . . . Gordon Tullock, who reviews books for NR, has written *Toward a Mathematics of Politics* (U. of Michigan Press, \$7.95). . . . Ezra Pound's letters to, and essays on, James Joyce are gathered for the first time in *Pound/Joyce* (New Directions, \$10). . . . William Faulkner's (he added the "u") only surviving brother, Murry Falkner, writes about the family in *The Falkners of Mississippi* (Louisiana State, \$5.95). . . . The poor old American railroads get it in the neck from Peter Lyon, in *To Hell in a Day Coach* (Lippincott, \$5.95).

*The Private Papers of Walter Winchell* is due from Doubleday sometime next year, after serialization in *McCall's*. WW insisted on a clause in the contract freeing him from any responsibility for libel. . . . Lizzie did it after all, says Victoria Lincoln (she grew up just down the street from the Borden

home) in *A Private Disgrace*, latest in a spate of books about a good old murder (Putnam's \$6.95). . . . Run! Paperback of *Death of a President* is coming in April, to be published by Harper at \$1.65 and distributed by Popular Library.

● **MOVIES:** Somebody plans a musical film adaptation of Dickens' *Great Expectations*. . . . Two about Lenny Bruce: a documentary by New York filmmaker Fred Baker, and a semi-fictionalized biography from a CBS subsidiary. Who will play Lenny? George Hamilton? . . . Acquired: Irving Wallace's *The Man*, about the first Negro in the White House, by Promel Productions. . . . In the works: 20th Century's *The Boston Strangler*, with Henry Fonda but not in the title role; film version of Vercors' *You Shall Know Them*; a new suspense flick, *The Night of the Following Day*, starring Marlon Brando and Richard Boone.

Palomar Pictures, a creature of ABC, has a deal with producer-

director Richard Aldrich to do film of *The Killing of Sister George* (maybe with Bette Davis!) and *The Greatest Mother of Them All*, a disguised biography of Beverly Aadland. Palomar also plans to film *Nobody Loves a Drunken Indian*; Clair Huffaker is doing the script from his own book. . . . Eastman-Kodak announces development of a new, super-bright screen which allows movies and slides to be shown without darkening the room. . . . Germany's right-wing party, the NDP, intends to make a film, in Spain, about the SS—"to influence the thought of the German people via the performances of the soldiers," they say.

● **GOOD IDEA:** *Who Is That: The Late Late Viewer's Guide to the Old Old Movie Players*, a new book by Warren B. Meyers, offers pictures of over 600 character actors who keep popping up, vexingly, on wee-hours television. Personality Posters, Inc., at \$1.50.

in his heaven and all was right with the world, except for a psychotic Scots gardener who refused to allow one to remove a tomato from the garden.

THE WORLD of Wodehouse survived outside London between the wars, and even today, if you motor as far as possible from the Sodomitic ugliness of our metropolis, you can find Emsworths and Galahads, Woosters and Aunt Agathas enough. Beach no longer has a free pass to the port cellar, and is as likely to be a monoglot Filipino as a stately English Gentleman's Gentleman, but the way of life survives. No longer in the central orbit of our national consciousness, Blandings Castle is a pale

shadow of the glory it knew when Wodehouse left our shores, its memory indelibly programmed in the wonderful computer of his mind. From a study of its sad and shifty inhabitants, the sociology student can only learn that Wodehouse well those passions read which still survive, stamped on these lifeless things—but, quite honestly, nothing beside remains.

So much for sociology. If the brief decade before the Great War had no other justification, the fact that it provided inspiration for Wodehouse's novels would be ample. So long as man can breathe or eyes can see, his works will live, and they will give life to the period. Now we can return to that 2,000-page marathon.

automobile—it is not essentially a narrative but a long elegy. Mr. Berry's prose is an essayist's; he touches his subject with an inquisitive hand. He has no talent for objectivity or satire or any degree of coldness. He is thoroughly Kentuckian in beguiling us into a kinship with his characters. And he has written a novel the goodness of which is deep down in its wisdom, for it neither asks nor answers questions, nor fidgets with ideas; it projects whole and articulately a picture of a world.

If the novelist understands his world as well as Wendell Berry, he cannot trim it to satisfy existing literary forms. The pace of his novel is that of Kentucky itself, and the plot is nicely natural and wild, as devious and unstoppping as a Kentucky river. At a time when novels vie with one another for notoriety, so warm and humane a book distinguishes itself with its intelligent and wholesome difference, and is all the more welcome for that.

## Fiction

# Masters of Time and Place

GUY DAVENPORT

BAEDEKER'S *Handbook for Travellers to the United States* (Third Edition, 1904) describes a New York, a California, a Texas as different from their present splendor as a buckboard from a Toronado. But turn to Kentucky—pencil in the Louisville Airport and Blue Grass Field, and your Baedeker is up-to-date. Bourbon, horses, tobacco, Trappist monasteries and the Kentucky soul prefer a settled and conservative existence. If a Kentuckian asks you if you are from the United States, he does not mean to imply that you seem to be a Lithuanian or Sardinian, but that you do not seem to be from Kentucky. The United States, he is well aware, lie beyond the borders of Kentucky, and all sorts of strange people live there.

Within Kentucky the people, especially the hill people, have kept their

ancient mode of life, preserving it as best they can from the reach of technology and war. Wendell Berry's *A Place on Earth* is a long and patient look at a Kentucky community during World War II. For plot there is but the continuum of an existence that established its rhythms on another continent when men first became farmers. Except for automobiles and radios (which impede and frustrate communication), Mr. Berry's novel might be describing how a Kentucky community endured the Revolution or the Civil War. It is the endurance that interests Mr. Berry, the stubborn patience demanded by agriculture that must also serve to weather floods and wars.

One of the major uses of the novel is to define modes of life; we value Turgenev for his understanding rather than for his narrative skill. He is, as the Europeans use the word, "a poet," and Mr. Berry elicits the same appreciation. *A Place on Earth* is one of the most beautiful records ever made of a particular shape of American life. Its form is musical, and though it contains many brilliant passages of narrative—two of them involving that vulgarest of monsters to be bred from the American mind, the

AND THOMAS BERGER—surely he should sign his novels Tom Berger by this time, if only as a hint to the reviewers, who can't make head or tail of him, that he really is a good guy. Berger's trouble with the critics is that he cannot keep a straight face, no matter what he's writing about. He has insulted history (*Crazy in Berlin*), all of Cincinnati (*Reinhart in Love*), and Custer's Last Stand (*Little Big Man*). Now he goes for what has always had its share of the licks in his novels, *The American Mind*, an organism that Mr. Berger can isolate, apparently by powers miraculous, and see with unbefuddled gaze. The American mind is first of all adrift—the happy sociologists and psychiatrists will all clap their hands and agree. Yes indeedy! The American mind is lonely, unintegrated, antisocial, other-directed, is poor in group-motivated direction, *vocaliter nauseolissimo*. It needs, of course, well, you know, it needs . . . but never mind.

Gentlemen, meet Lee Harvey Oswald. Meet a thoroughly lethal idealistic cry baby, spawn of America. He is, when he is upper-middle-class, straight and clean, and named Whitman, the very pride of America. A bit down the social scale, and named Speck, he is still 100 per cent Am-

*A Place on Earth*, by Wendell Berry. Harcourt, \$7.50

*Killing Time*, by Thomas Berger. Dial, \$5.95

*The Maze Maker*, by Michael Ayerton. Holt, \$6.95

erican, tattooed, tough, and a great buddy in a fight. Thomas Berger calls him Joe Detweiler and turns him loose on Christmas Eve—holiday issues of newspapers usually feature



a crime revolting enough to gag the Marquis de Sade. Detweiler is a sweet, gentle Mama's boy, and it's worth the price of the novel to meet Mama, as goofy a woman as ever George Price drew or showed you the secret of a whiter wash on TV. Detweiler has done in three apartment dwellers for, as he earnestly explains, their own good. Further, he lives by a Philosophy, like all taxi-drivers and janitors. He aspires. He is a mystic. A jury of middle-aged American mothers would probably find him their ideal of a son: he is so pure he wishes he were sexless (dear boy!); his heart is tender toward the lame and blind and helpless. He is, in short, that inexplicable *schmuck*, The American Murderer.

"Readers are earnestly advised not to identify the characters," Mr. Berger says in a note, "with real human beings. A work of fiction is a construction of language and otherwise a lie." This is Mr. Berger's way of asking us to notice that his Detweiler has the mind of Oswald, commits the crime of Speck, and has Whitman's delicate sense of personal hygiene (viz., a can of spray deodorant along with the arsenal on the tower). This is not a *roman à clef* but a *roman à crochet*: practically any key will fit. The police, lawyers, families of the deceased: all are examples of the drifting mind Mr. Berger has undertaken to study.

It is, alas, the American Mind, and Mr. Berger is its most accomplished student. He is also the best satirist in the United States, the most learned scientist of the vulgar, the futile, and the lost, and the most accurate mimic in the trade. Behind the very prose in which he has cast this novel one

can detect the wad of gum and the tabloid reporter's prurient glint of depraved genius for the sickening, satisfying detail that sells newspapers. None of Mr. Berger's other novels is written in such lunch-counter prose; he has invented it for *Killing Time* alone. "A work of fiction is a construction of language and otherwise a lie."

But one must not imagine that Mr. Berger is merely a diligent camera. Detweiler is one of the most complex characters in modern fiction, the first outrageously impenetrable character in a gallery of outrageous characters. He breaks the police, he uplifts his corrupt lawyer, he ends as a perfectly placid basket-weaver in a lunatic asylum, and still dispenses saintly wisdom. Some graduate student with half a mind will soon write him up for the English journals as a Christ Figure. He smells of Dostoyevsky and Mary Baker Eddy. He is part Quaker, part Rasputin. The eeriest thing about him is that he is wholly believable, which is to say, of course, that Thomas Berger is a magnificent novelist.

MICHAEL AYRTON, the English painter and sculptor, has written books before (*English Drawings*, *Golden Sections*) and admirers of good writing know him as a first-rate *raconteur* and the most literate theorist in the art of drawing since Wyndham Lewis. *The Maze Maker* is his first novel, and grows, as we might have suspected, out of his sculpture of the past decade. Mr. Ayrton the sculptor, fascinated by the Cretan monster the Minotaur (the bull-headed child of Queen Pasiphae by the god Poseidon), became obsessed, as he tells us, with

the Athenian sculptor Daedalus who had a hand in the Minotaur's begetting, and turned novelist "to write his life." And write it he has: and what he has written is obviously a novel, a fine novel, but much more besides. It is the old myth retold, and not since Vincent Cronin's *The Golden Honeycomb* has an author got so near the strangeness of Daedalus's magic hand. It is, one suspects, something of an autobiography told in symbols and signs. It is a technical book about ancient sculpture, a psychology book about the ancient mind, a history book, and a book about the mind of the artist.

The reader will think instantly, after a few pages, of Mary Renault, for Mr. Ayrton begins in her manner, that off-handed familiarity with the past that has become by now more mannerism than manner. We are soon, however, into a mode of the imagination so strange and wonderful that there is nothing with which we can compare it. The first half of John Uri Lloyd's *Etidorhpa*—most peculiar of American novels—is the only thing even remotely like it. Lloyd, though, was batty, and Mr. Ayrton is sane. The measure of his sanity is in the closeness he dares with matters a less sure artist would keep a safe distance from—the first flight of man, the Cumaeen Sibyl in action, the presence of the god Apollo in various disguises. Mr. Ayrton has the power to make us feel sources of energy, and the energy itself, so that his novel is an uncanny evocation of the artist's power. That a sculptor could transpose his talent with such success into another medium is as remarkable as the novel itself.

## Antidote to Brainwashing

STEFAN T. POSSONY

THE BOLSHIEVIKS have now been around for fifty years. In anticipation of this golden jubilee, an American slick magazine sent ten editors and photographers to the USSR to prepare an anniversary issue. All primed by Berlitz, the travelers brought back sensational tidings from their journey, which "totaled more than a year": *If an honest democratic election were held*

*in the Soviet Union today—involving legitimate alternatives, sufficient time and opportunity for their exposure and the assurance that those elected*

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*Workers' Paradise Lost — Fifty Years of Soviet Communism: A Balance Sheet*, by Eugene Lyons. Funk & Wagnalls, \$6.95

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would serve—the Communist Party would win. This is not speculation. It is a conclusion based on on-the-spot observations and interviews.

One wonders whether these American editors ever heard about sampling bias. They don't remember Tom Dewey, and they hardly talked with friends of Sinyavsky or Svetlana Alliluyeva. They are so incredibly naive—or stupid—that they don't even realize that “an honest democratic election” could be held in the USSR only after the Communist Party had been removed from power.

Before spending so much time and money on their “on-the-spot” observations, these journalists could have asked their colleague Eugene Lyons to brief them on the pitfalls of researching Communism through interviews in the USSR. He could have warned them, for example, that the Soviet government has an entire apparatus to create desired impressions among foreign tourists, particularly among newspapermen. The mind-conditioners are especially anxious to implant the notion that the inhabitants of the USSR simply love Communism. Lyons quotes from a recent refugee familiar with the techniques of influencing visitors: “As a rule, all activities are prepared and rehearsed in advance, at times so skillfully that it can seem to the tourist as if he were exercising his own free will.”

Lyons also could have provided data on average earnings of factory and office workers: 95 rubles a month or \$26 a week, according to official statistics; far less, according to non-Soviet recalculations and a realistic ruble-dollar exchange rate. If they had absorbed this kind of information, the editors *might* have noted that the persons they interviewed either had incomes far above the average or were lying about their earnings.

I HOPE AMERICANS who don't want to be brainwashed by Communist propaganda, either directly or indirectly through U.S. “experts,” will study *Workers' Paradise Lost* carefully and use it extensively to evaluate the stories they read about the USSR. This superior book affords us a long glance at the reality behind the curtain of the biggest make-believe show on earth. It should be widely distributed throughout our colleges and high schools. The skill of its presentation makes a forbidding subject come

to life and renders it fully comprehensible even to novices in Soviet affairs.

Mr. Lyons exposes twenty-one myths about Communism, such as “the myth that centralized national planning is a magic formula for growth and prosperity”; or Myth No. 13, “that collectivized farming is the answer for hungry nations”; or No. 14, “that Communism provides abundance for the ordinary citizen”; or No. 21, that “Communism is a rational model for underdeveloped countries”; or No. 18, that “the coexistence slogan means what it says”; or No. 15, that “the Soviet Union has become ‘liberal’ and is evolving toward democracy.” Oh yes, there is also Myth No. 17, that “Soviet Russia has been a champion of world peace.”

ECONOMICALLY, in terms of per capita indicators, the USSR ranks only 20th among 130 countries. Soviet law sets “living space” at 97 square feet per person. Lyons comments drily: “A room less than ten feet by ten feet . . . happens to be the allotment per inmate in the better American prisons.” But, he adds, half of the largest cities in the USSR “average out at less than six square meters” (i.e. 66 square feet) per inhabitant. I would like to point out that while the Communists have been conquering millions of square miles of *Lebensraum*, the residential floor space per capita has dropped by 5 per cent since 1917.

In 1964 the USSR reportedly had one hospital bed for 140 people and was surpassed by twenty-five countries. The Communists apparently anticipated Lyons' criticism of this performance: a recent AP dispatch alleges that there is now one bed per

to point out the obvious absurdity or mendacity of such claims.

LYONS DISCLOSES what must pass as the cutest trick of Soviet statistical manipulation: “Steel output in 1928 was 4.2 million tons. The plan foresaw an increase of 6.1 millions, for a total of 10.3 millions. Actual production in the final year was 5.9 million; this meant a growth of 1.7 millions over 1928, or 28 per cent of the planned expansion. The Kremlin, however, said in effect: ‘We aimed at 10.3 and got 5.9, therefore, our plan was fulfilled by 57 per cent.’ On this basis, if production had not increased by a single ton, if it had remained at 4.2 millions, the plan would have been carried out 42 per cent—extraordinary progress while standing still.”

The first death or extermination camps, says the Yugoslav writer Mihajlo Mihajlov, as quoted by Lyons, “were not founded by the Germans but by the Soviets. In 1921, near Arkhangelsk, they set up Kilgomor camp for the sole purpose of physically destroying the prisoners. It operated successfully for many years and swallowed up many of the Bolsheviks' former allies—members of the non-Bolshevik revolutionary parties.” Note that this camp was established while Lenin was still active and alive.

What has been the price of Communism in terms of human misery? If, since 1913, the population of the USSR had grown at the same rate as that of the United States, there would now be 320 million Soviet subjects instead of 235 million. Actually, since in 1913 the Russian demographic growth rate exceeded that of the United States, the losses—attributable to purges, famine, concentration



105 persons. This would mean that within two short years Soviet hospital space was increased by 70 per cent. The Soviets also intimate that during the same two years the number of doctors has grown by 43 per cent. The Associated Press distributes this information but does not bother

camps, reduced birth rates, civil war, international war instigated by Bolshevism, and emigration—surpass 100 million. This number is almost two-thirds of Russia's population in 1917.

Basically, the conclusions from Mr. Lyons' investigation are devastatingly simple: the Communists set out to

produce paradise on earth, especially for the workers; they did not know what they were doing and ended up creating unprecedented hell; they have preserved their power through force. (And I would add, through the passivity and exhaustion of their subjects, as well as through the mistakes of Germany, Poland, Britain, France, Japan, and the United States).

There is one myth which the author failed to discuss, namely, the legend

that Communist propaganda is unsuccessful. The truth is that propaganda emanating from Communists continues to be impressively successful, especially in the United States. If the American reader can't learn the salient facts about Communism from Eugene Lyons, he never will be able to protect himself against mental entrapment. Let us hope, with Samuel Johnson, that "such an excess of stupidity . . . is not in nature."

## Letter From Europe

# The Dogheads of the West

THOMAS MOLNAR

**A**MONG THE CRUMBLING institutions of our times (courts, churches, parliaments), one in particular shows signs of special degeneracy: the universities. The "revolutionary" spirit of student populations all over the world (needless to say they are well-fed, carefree, bourgeois youth) has now reached the European universities and has escalated there beyond the experience of such towers of conservatism as Berkeley. The hot summer in Berlin has hatched the "Critical University" (*Kritische Universität*), whose modest organizers intend to set up shop *inside* the so-called Free University of Berlin, itself created after the war as a center of leftist thought.

Obviously not leftist enough, because the neo-neo-vanguard advertises the following curriculum for the 1967/68 "academic" year: 1) permanent criticism of universities and the practical reform of studies (read: how to riot on campus); 2) intensification of spontaneous (!) political action from centers of militancy (read: how to riot in the streets); and 3) preparation of students for practicing (!) the social sciences (read: how to riot *and* subvert society).

Classes—pardon the bourgeois expression, *work groups*—are open to "students, workers and employees," with no previous diploma required. The program and the study will be organized and directed by the students themselves; professors will not be admitted except as students or specialized advisers.

Professors are also tolerated in

Sweden, where they must agree with students on the program to be followed in class, and then submit to the scrutiny of two student delegates while lecturing. If the concept of the university is in the process of dissolution, the reason may not be primarily political, but rather intellectual. Nobody seems to know what words mean; instead of serving communication, they become an opaque screen between individuals, who then give up in disgust and choose action, not speech.

This was obvious to me this past summer while lecturing at the first congress of the newly created W. Roepke Foundation, near Bonn. Students of overwhelmingly Roepkean, that is, conservative, persuasion presented eminently reasonable arguments in the formal discussion of their special fields; when invited to express their views freely at informal gatherings they reverted to the neolingua of students at the "Critical University" in Berlin. They complained that they were not consulted by society and its leaders, and that they did not participate in policy making. Nothing more precise could be elicited from these young graduates, most of them teaching assistants and members of the future German elite. "Something is wrong with the structure," was their vague and uncomfortable conclusion.

The structure of what? The term is the popular in-word in Europe today. Hardly anybody speaks yesterday's language of *Existenz*, *Angst*, engagement and alienation. Structuralism has the support even of anti-

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**Haverhill's**

# TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

## DEFINITIONS

- A. "I didn't like McCarthy, but I liked his .....!"
- B. Marx said this should be graduated
- C. *Lactuca sativa* (it's only money)
- D. He ruined a World Series no-hitter
- E. What government under Lyndon Johnson is
- F. Committee headed by author of this quote
- G. Something that's unduly expanded in volume (it's only money)
- H. Type of lizard
- I. Having a roundish projection or division
- J. To work or act together or jointly for a common purpose or benefit
- K. This could be a winner at Numbers
- L. What an independent country has (no relation to Robin)
- M. Building in Barrackpore (near Calcutta) where viceroys and governors resided

## WORDS

83 44 72 147 3 133 89

104 213 202 218 200 10 170 94 18

136 209 20 225 62 221 12

164 135 98 90 150 57 16 24 203

166 38 159 105 82 214 115 238 9 91 175

172 17 101 190 215 131 242 158 161 173 178

19

87 4 59 78 84 102 108 132 198 240 15

21 34 55 70 222

219 60 25 210 187 99

68 13 6 74 79

23 47 171 163 144 100 237 205 179

40 111 118 121 107 120 123 139 26 45 54

46 32 64 69 122 183 124 192 195 2

119 37 11 27 33 81 117 125 129 138 143

157 14 180 197

## DEFINITIONS

- N. Knot again!
- O. Unscramble TREE VET
- P. A liking for candy
- Q. U.S. contralto, born in Bohemia, who said she had "no sideways"
- R. Disorderly playing, especially indoors
- S. Suitable or fitting
- T. One whose rights are respected—if he's a murderer, rapist, or traitor
- U. A structure from the top of which molten lead is dropped into a tank of water
- V. One of the oldest nations on earth
- W. Type of sword or razor
- X. A large snail
- Y. A simple, carved image
- Z. A calcareous prominence at the tip of the beak or upper jaw of an embryonic bird
- a. Glossy, polished, even, flat

## WORDS

145 165 211 185 232

7 53 71 77 86 88 5

151 75 92 96 112 114 65 127 142 153

156 43 50 56 126 130 149 174 188 201 28

204 85

233 128 22 30 73 93 134 42 63 97

235 66 160 39 116 217 51 148 189 194 140

1 186 35 206 95 220 41 48 113 137

29 231 199 146 152 239 234 167 61

31 106 236 181 226

36 109 67 168 176 49 52 184

80 196 110 8 76 207 182

216 141 154 223 177 241

228 208 191 155 212 224 230 103

58 169 162 229 193 227

See page 1289 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

|      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |
|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
|      |      |      |      | 1 T  |      | 2 L  | 3 A  | 4 G  | 5 O  |      | 6 I  | 7 O  | 8 X  | 9 E  | 10 B | 11 M | 12 C |      |
| 13 I | 14 M | 15 G |      |      | 16 D | 17 F | 18 B |      | 19 F | 20 C | 21 G | 22 R | 23 J | 24 D | 25 H | 26 K | 27 M |      |
| 28 Q | 29 U |      |      | 30 R | 31 V | 32 L | 33 M | 34 G | 35 T |      | 36 W | 37 M |      | 38 E | 39 S | 40 K | 41 T | 42 R |
| 43 Q | 44 A |      |      | 45 K | 46 L | 47 J | 48 T | 49 W | 50 Q |      | 51 S | 52 W | 53 O | 54 K | 55 G | 56 Q | 57 D | 58 a |
|      | 59 G | 60 H | 61 U |      | 62 C | 63 R |      | 64 L | 65 P |      | 66 S | 67 W | 68 I | 69 L | 70 G | 71 O |      |      |
| 72 A | 73 R | 74 I |      | 75 P | 76 X | 77 O | 78 G | 79 I |      | 80 X | 81 M | 82 E |      | 83 A | 84 G | 85 Q | 86 O |      |
|      | 87 G | 88 o |      | 89 A | 90 D | 91 E | 92 P |      | 93 R | 94 B | 95 T | 96 P |      | 97 R | 98 D | 99 H | 100J |      |
| 101F | 102G | 103Z | 104B | 105E | 106V |      | 107K | 108G |      | 109W | 110X | 111K | 112P |      | 113T | 114P |      |      |
| 115E | 116S | 117M | 118K |      | 119M | 120K |      | 121K | 122L |      | 123K | 124L | 125M |      | 126Q | 127P | 128R |      |
| 129M |      | 130Q | 131F | 132G |      | 133A | 134R |      | 135D | 136C | 137T |      | 138M | 139K | 140S |      | 141Y |      |
| 142P | 143M | 144J | 145N |      | 146U | 147A | 148S | 149Q | 150D | 151P |      | 152U | 153F | 154Y | 155Z |      | 156Q |      |
| 157M | 158F | 159E |      | 160S | 161F | 162a | 163J | 164D | 165N |      | 166E | 167U | 168W | 169a |      | 170B | 171J |      |
|      | 172F | 173F | 174Q | 175E |      | 176W | 177Y | 178F | 179J |      | 180M | 181V | 182X | 183L | 184W | 185N | 186T |      |
| 187H |      | 188Q | 189S | 190F |      | 191Z | 192L | 193a |      | 194S | 195L |      | 196X | 197M | 198G | 199U | 200B |      |
| 201Q |      | 202B | 203D | 204Q | 205J | 206T | 207X | 208Z | 209C | 210H | 211N |      | 212Z | 213B |      | 214E | 215F |      |
| 216Y |      | 217S | 218B | 219H | 220T | 221C | 222G |      | 223Y | 224Z | 225C |      | 226V | 227a | 228Z |      | 229a |      |
| 230Z | 231U | 232W | 233R |      | 234U | 235S | 236V |      | 237J | 238E | 239U | 240G | 241Y | 242F |      |      |      |      |

Marxists, although this attitude rests on a misunderstanding. The father of structuralism is anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss, professor at the prestigious Collège de France (where Bergson lectured half a century ago), and a kind of anti-Sartre: tight-lipped, enigmatic, publicity-shy, non-activist yet an idol of students and intellectuals. He is also a kind of anti-Teilhard, darkly pessimistic about the future, announcing as the aim of his research the reduction of the human element in society to mechanical laws, or in the meantime to a probabilistic calculus. Man is no agent of history, Lévi-Strauss teaches, but only a sign-inventing point where the structural laws of society meet.

Another structuralist is Jacques Lacan, whose lectures—again like Bergson's and in the same school—attract a large public of *littérateurs* and society ladies. The target here too is the Self (*moi*), which is dissolved, this time not in the social structure but in the Freudian unconscious. There is no subject who thinks, speaks, or decides; all we can say, according to Lacan, is that "there is speaking" (*ça parle*), "thinking goes on," "decision takes place," etc.

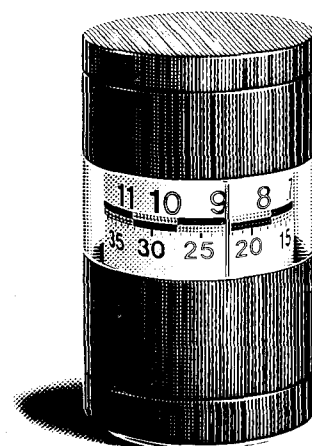
But the emerging light of structuralism, outdistancing Sartre with the sale of 50,000 copies of his book, *Les Mots et les Choses*, is Michel Foucault. When I inquired at a bookstore in Paris, the friendly owner advised me against buying it: "It is bulkier than Sartre's *Being and Nothingness*, and even more hopelessly obscure."

No thinker, however important, Foucault writes, is more than a point of condensation and articulation of the thought structure, one of whose parts he is. The philosopher has no original insights into the nature of things; he merely redistributes and reclassifies things and words according to the

dominant structure of contemporary civilization. Man is defined by this structure; without it he would be "a mere figure in the sand whose forms are washed away by the sea."

Foucault's work is fortunately studded with such poetic passages, at odds with his austere and inhuman thesis. Yet, he cannot escape the obvious refutation that if the philosopher's insight is a reshuffling of many times reshuffled words, why should his own insight be an exception? Jean-Paul Sartre, who at least believes in such orthodox notions as freedom, responsibility and decision (and is attacked for it by the structuralists), suddenly finds himself on the dusty shelf reserved for intellectual granddaddies. Furious at these neo-reactionaries, Sartre writes: "Structuralism is, in fact, an ideology by and for the class of technocrats without faith in man's future which they want to mechanize." "Technocrat" is the dirtiest of insults in a Europe rapidly being Americanized by public relations and market research techniques.

It does not take a Spengler to find a connection between the structuralists' dissolved Self and the vanishing value of words and meanings. We are indebted to a slender little volume by Jean Cau for rehabilitating them through the merciless use of common sense. In an *Open Letter to the Dogheads of the West* (an epithet used by Peking's Red Guards), Cau discusses with brilliant fluency and sophistication the clichés current among the intelligentsia: women's sexual emancipation, the proletarian novel, race, taboo topics like Negroes, Jews and homosexuals, mass culture and the contrast between leftist optimism about man and the corrupt society to which it leads. The book is especially piquant since its author was for years Sartre's secretary and intimate friend. ➔



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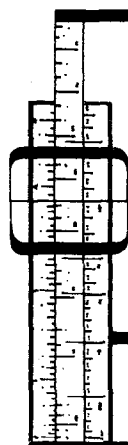
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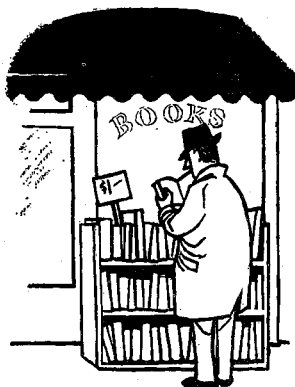
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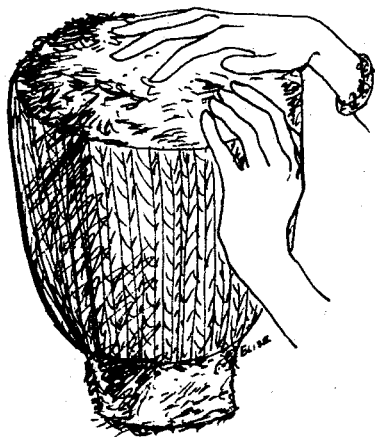
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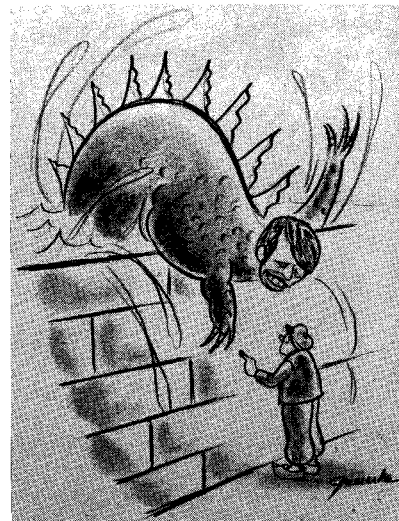
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### SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (Oct. 31)

ALFREDS\* BERZINS:  
THE TWO FACES OF  
COEXISTENCE.

All armed conflicts in Asia, Europe, Africa and Latin America since the end of the Second World War, with the sole exception of the Suez incident, have been organized and guided mainly by the Soviet Communist party. . . . The most dangerous adversary of the United States is . . . the Soviet Union.

\*Alfreds, plural, is correct.

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# FOR THE RECORD

■ **Anniversary Notes:** Much ballyhooed general amnesty on 50th of Bolshevik Revolution will *not* include writers **Andrei Sinyavsky** and **Yuli Daniel**, presumably because they come under the category "guilty of particularly dangerous state crimes" (i.e. publishing abroad). . . . USSR is charging steep fees to foreign TV companies filming the Birthday Party—payable in non-ruble hard currencies, and in advance. . . . In U.S. more than 70 organizations have joined move to celebrate Nov. 7 as national day of mourning for the victims of Communism. . . . **Young Americans for Freedom**, getting into act, will distribute 100,000 copies of a phony issue of the *Worker* on that day.

■ **Rumor** (the umpteenth) going round that **McNamara** is ready to step down in protest against escalation of bombing, which he has allegedly opposed all along. It is said (but no one much believes it) that he might replace **Sargent Shriver** in Poverty, thus freeing Shriver to run for office in Illinois (against **Dirksen**, for Senate? Never.) . . . Delaware Republicans more and more receptive to idea of favorite son candidacy of Sen. **John J. Williams**. . . . Sen. **Joseph Clark** (D., Pa.) joining those (**Ronald Reagan**, **Barry Goldwater**) who think war may well be over before next elections. . . . **Joseph Alsop**, reporting from Saigon, comments he finds it hard to understand defeatism at home while witnessing progress of war in Vietnam. . . . Other Asian countries apparently heartened by U.S. firmness in Vietnam: **Indonesia** has severed diplomatic relations with Peking; **Peking-Burma** trade agreement has been abrogated.

■ **Small World Department** (Bad Guys Division): **Ralph Schoenman**, **Bertrand Russell's** hate-America private

secretary, now in Bolivian jail. Schoenman showed up at trial of **Régis Debray**, made such a fuss that he was first ejected, then arrested. British Labor MPs screaming for his release. . . . Also arrested, Bolivian journalist **Gonzalo López Monos**, accused of having aided **Che Guevara** while serving as press secretary to President **René Barrientos Ortuño**. . . . Communist sources in Latin America now believe that De-



The Sun, London

Ben Roth Agency

"If only we could be sure we were working for the British . . ."

bray betrayed Guevara's whereabouts to Bolivian authorities while he was being interrogated after his arrest. . . . Meanwhile, in New York, *National Guardian* advertising two meetings to "honor the martyr Guevara," ditto the *Worker*. And Fair Play for Cuba Committee resurfacing with ad for *Granma* (\$5 per year), the violently anti-U.S. English-language publication printed in Havana. . . . **Stokely Carmichael**, last reported in Guinea, is now expected in

Copenhagen where he will take part in next meeting of Bertrand Russell's Johnson-is-a-war-criminal tribunal.

■ **Publisher Thomas Kephart** reported last week that *Human Events* might conceivably come out for **George Wallace** next year if both the conservative candidates, **Nixon** and **Reagan**, are rejected by GOP convention in Miami. . . . Reagan pulling ahead of Nixon with Southern Republicans, according to most observers. A recent private poll of Georgia Republicans showed Reagan as first choice of 58.3 per cent, Nixon 38.4 per cent. . . . GOP leaders in South Carolina hoping to lure Gen. **Mark Clark** (former head of Citadel) out of retirement to run against Democratic Sen. **Ernest Hollings**. Hollings has angered Negro community by opposing **Thurgood Marshall** Supreme Court appointment.

■ On the publishing front: **M. S. Arnoni's** far-left *Minority of One* in bad financial trouble. Arnoni announcing publicly he will liquidate magazine rather than take money from those who would "change its editorial direction." . . . *Ramparts* has made it with the libraries: it will be listed in 1968 Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. . . . **Neil McCaffrey** now sole owner of Conservative Book Club, bought out partners last week. . . . Big ballyhoo planned for **Wesley Thurston's** *The Trumpets of November* in which "ultra-conservative militants" (who else?) plot and carry through the assassination of President Kennedy.

■ Would you believe: *Wall Street Journal* carried major front-page article last week on discrimination against smalltime Negro hoods by the bigtimers in the Mafia (**Frank Sinatra** please note!).



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Colorful nursery rhyme picture rolls across the screen while bright, clear enchanting Swiss musical unit plays on and on. Unique. Exciting. Little folks laugh with glee when the big show starts. Smoothly molded plastic in bright colors, easy to clean. Approximately 8" x 10". Carrying handle. Hours of fascinating fun anywhere, anytime.

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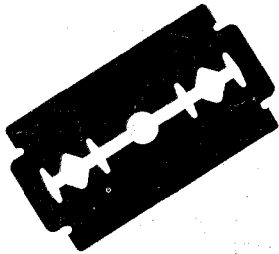


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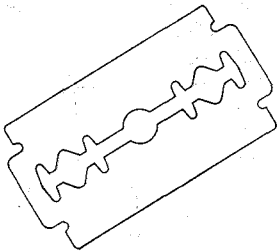
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